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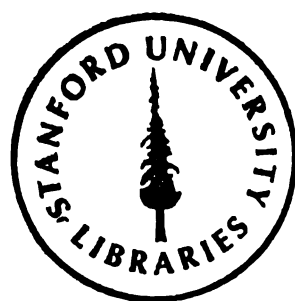
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Dudley with Lammie's
Feb 14th 1904

ETON OF OLD
OR
EIGHTY YEARS SINCE



THE CHAPEL FROM BARNSPOL BRIDGE.

Front.

ETON OF OLD
OR
EIGHTY YEARS SINCE
1811—1822

BY
Tuckers William Hill
AN OLD COLLEGER



ETON FROM THE SLOUGH ROAD. DRAWN BY W. TURNER, R.A.
ENGRAVED BY W. BYRNE, F.S.A.

LONDON
GRIFFITH FARRAN & CO. LIMITED
NEWBURY HOUSE, 39 CHARING CROSS ROAD
1892

LF 795

E84.T8

ὥς δὴ τοι, τὸ λεγόμενον, τὰ παίδων μαθήματα θαυμαστὸν ἔχει τι μνημεῖον, ἐγὼ γὰρ ἃ μὲν χθὲς ἤκουσα, οὐκ ἂν διδ' εἰ δυνάμην ἅπαντα ἐν μνήμῃ πάλιν λαβεῖν· ταῦτα δέ, ἃ πάμπολον χρόνον διακήκοα, παντάπασι θαυμάσαιμ' ἂν εἰ τί με αὐτῶν διαπέφυγεν.—PLAT. *Tim.* 26 B.

"Truly, as is often said, the lessons which we have learned as children make a wonderful impression on our memories, for I am not sure that I could remember all that I heard yesterday, but I should be much surprised if I forgot any of these things which I have heard very long ago."—JOWETT'S TRANSLATION, Vol. 2, p. 522.

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A. R. QUINTON.

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BARNES POOL, FROM A DRAWING BY A. R. QUINTON.

Eton of Old.

IN the Spring of 1811 I was landed from Thumwood's Coach at the "Christopher," and duly entered the next morning in Keate's Chambers as an Oppidan; was introduced to my Dame, Hawtrey, in Weston's Yard, and left to make my way with some last encouraging words and a farewell pouch. I was just eight and a half years old, and very slender of my age.

It was after twelve on a Tuesday's whole holiday, and I was quickly surrounded by half the fellows of my Dame's, big and small, with rapid enquiries as to the personal history and state of my father, mother, sisters, and family in general, accompanied with running commentaries on each, far from complimentary; and in the end made to have a fighting round or two with a boy of about my own size, but older, to see which was the better man, and then it ended with a general laugh, and a hand-shake of the two combatants.

It was Montem year—Dampier's—and I was of course enrolled in the two mile procession to the Mount at Salt Hill; so named from the Montem "Salt," or euphemism for money.

Montem is so far a thing of the past, that to the

A

present generation it is little more than a name ; but it was a great event in those days, time-honoured, with a worthy origin, and highly attractive to the then existing generation of Eton men. Indeed, the majority of the boys were the sons and grandsons of old Etonians who had formerly borne part in it, and who gave their countenance and support in the pleasant recollection of their own school days.

It began early on Whitsun Tuesday, about three o'clock in the morning. The twelve Runners had to dress and set out for their different stations—Slough, Datchet, and others, at six or before, and snatch their breakfast as they could. All Eton was soon after this astir ; but the real business of the day began at eleven in the School-Yard.

That classical locality was usually devoid of human life, except when cornered in a narrow, crowded angle just outside Keate's Chambers for "Absence." At such times the preliminary Collegers' roll-call took place in answer to the Præpostor, with Keate, in full robes, at his side, sharply scrutinizing every "Here, Sir," to see if the proper "Here, Sir," were there. On one occasion an Upper Fifth Colleger gave his "Here, Sir," from one of the Long Chamber's windows overhead. I forget the penalty ; but the mode of answer did not grow into a custom.

It was now crowded, crammed with men, women, and children ; men with the bluest swallow-tail coats,—the only coats then worn,—with gilt buttons, plain or basket-work ; ladies with the latest fashion in bonnets, very large

and spreading—rudely called “coal-scuttles,” a mode introduced from Russia by the Duchess of Oldenburgh; or wide-spreading bonnets in Leghorn straw, varied by muslin strained on steel; highest waists, shortest dresses and sandalled shoes, all laughing, smiling, giggling, according to their nature; fathers shaking hands with their adorned sons, and leaving the one or two pound note of those days in their palms; sisters telling their smooth-faced brothers that they ought to wear gowns, as the “frocks” of that age were called; and heavy Londoners, who came by coach to see the show, but who gave their “salt” with the most good-humoured and smiling of faces.

Such a scene can never be again. It was unique, special; not in point of numbers, for many more were present at the Jubilee Service—1891—and there must be over 3000 every fourth of June; but unique in the dress, and the fun, and the pretended refusal of salt—ending with the production of the little paper receipt in evidence of salt already paid. Not over witty perhaps, but thought very passable in the joyous mood of the time. All that lasted till twelve, when the inevitable “Absence” was called, and the procession set forth, round the School-Yard, through the archway, across the wall into the road.

Captain first, with his eight Pages behind him; all dressed alike, looking like pretty little girls in pretty little boys’ dresses. Then the other officered Sixths, with their Pages, according to rank; while the twelve runners hovered about with sharp eyes, to see who had not the exonerating salt-ticket receipt on hat or bodice.

It was throughout a gay, lively, good-humoured scene, without any of the jar and incongruity which would mark such an institution now; and when Bath and Western coaches were stopped at Slough by a graceful boy in a fancy ball dress, and when a large silken bag, strongly encased in network, was presented to the passengers for "Salt," a general smile was the usual answer, and coins were dropped laughingly into it.

When railways arose, Montem fell. The iron king stopped it; and he would be a very bold, graceful boy who would venture down the Slough or other platform for salt, with a London third-class proportion of carriages on the line.

But there were none of these gloomy anticipations to sadden us; and, as I have said, it was a great event—great throughout. The Captain was great in a General's uniform, and the anticipation of some thousand pounds, more or less, to carry him to the University, or elsewhere. The Sixth were great as officers in their own chosen regiments and facings, with their Pages clad in silk attire to march behind them to the Mount.

The two Salt-bearers were great, whose dignity did not suffer them to go out of the purlieus of the Long Walk wall, and Eton proper; and so were the twelve runners in smartest dresses of selected colours—pink, blue, violet, and red with combinations, plumed hats, buff boots, and silken bags to hold the salt. They all carried painted staves with mottoes on the crown. These were chiefly from Virgil or Horace—"Quando ita majores," and so forth. The only modern one that I recollect was a punning one—"Nullum jus sine sale."

The Fifth had a more moderate tenue ; cocked hat, scarlet coat—dress, frock, or cut-away *ad libitum* ; sash and sword, white kerseymere shorts, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. They marched two and two ; and in the rear of each marched a lower boy in civil costume—blue coat proper, or coat with small square four-inch tail adorned with four gilt buttons ; the distinction between coats and jackets had not then been established—a jacket was a coat under age ; gilt buttons were *de rigueur* on all coats wherever worn in those days, except in mourning ; white waistcoat ; white or nankeen trousers and silk stockings, with a plain deal wand or pole in their hand, some five feet long.

The march mid-road in this Montem was peculiarly hot and dusty, and so about twenty of us broke the line of march at Chalvey stile, and gained Salt Hill by St Ann's spring, to save a mile—at least we thought so.

However, we all met below the Mount, rather huddled together, and rather warm and dusty ; carriages, visitors, and boys intermixed, and the boys on foot not always or altogether exactly pleased. But on the Mount a great scene was in action. It was the flourishing of the Flag before the College authorities and the distinguished visitors. It was the fruit of long practice. The lieutenant used to labour at it hour after hour in the Long Chamber—wearisome practice ; the flag waved here and there ; round the neck, round the waist, round the knees, round the ankles, aloft, below ; you could not catch it ; if you caught its flutter on one point, before you fairly saw it you lost it on another ; and the final flourish, which, I

suppose, meant "God save the King!" was the real termination of Montem.

It was succeeded by a famous dinner at Botham's, the chief inn, Dame and Tutorwise in different rooms; dinner hastily eaten. Attraction out of doors; and it was good to see the Fifth cut off the heads of Botham's cabbages in the Inn gardens afterwards; and when they failed from annihilation, to view them attacking the polemen's wands, and reducing them with right martial ardour to chips. We straggled home in the gloom of the evening, delighted, but sorely done up.

Such was Montem externally,—a gay and showy pageant, if the sun shone, and it did shine brilliantly through all the four Montems in which the writer took part. Gay—but with a certain dash of the grotesque in it; not so apparent some few hundreds of years back, when bright silks and feathered hats were the fashion of the time; when the runners and the pages would be in the mode—fancifully, perhaps, but still in accordance with it. The Lower boy servitors, with their modern coats and brass buttons, would have been in the dress of the period; and so the whole procession would have marched harmonious in itself, and in harmony with the spectators.

Of course it is, or was, well understood that Montem was originally set on foot to start a poor Colleger into University life; and probably for a long time it did nothing more than realise a moderate sum for that object.

The later Montems have amounted to £1000 and £1200.

Did it do good? Probably to some; improbably to others. It was a great temptation to sons who did not at once invest through their fathers; and some squandered a little before they did so.

It was not all gain though. The Captain's expenses, first and last, amounted to hundreds. In one case the receipts were so low as to threaten a strong ebb tide. George III., in his fussy way, always took especial interest in Montem; made many inquiries long before who were the two Captains, who was most likely to get it, who was the most popular, and others of the same quality. He always went down with his family from the Castle, and was delighted to be stopped on the old wooden Windsor bridge for "Salt." He laughed and joked with the two runners stationed there, and made remarks.

It so chanced that there was once a succession of the sons of one of the Fellows, formerly Head Master. I cannot vouch for what the King said, or was believed to have said, beyond a disparaging commentary when he heard the name, opening with a triple exclamation of it, like the Vicar's "Jerningham"! But the effect was serious. The day was very unprolific. The royal disfavour got abroad—*Regis ad exemplar*. Of course the royal thought was totally and absolutely wrong—impossible. It was unfortunately the last Montem the good king was capable of attending.

But Montem had a preliminary in College life which is worth a mention, and not to be lost to posterity.

Montem was a thing of "years." A boy might be the son of the Lord Chancellor, or the First Lord of the Treasury—but if he had not been born in a Montem year he never could have got Montem. It was triennial.

I scarcely know after all whether it is worth while to record a past and gone custom. But it may have a certain interest to Eton men.

It was, of course, known in College long before who were likely to be captains in Montem year. The writer was not in that year, and, therefore, had nothing more to do with it than to dress in silks and satins when Whitsuntide came round in his later years.

The law of the College was that, whenever a resignation from Kings came, the Captain in whose favour it came was compelled to leave Eton for Kings within twenty-one days. And so in Montem year, when it came within a few weeks of the limit, it was a matter of manifest interest to the Captain and the second on the roll who should get Montem. A Fellow or Scholar of Kings might die, or not die within the charmed days; or the former might be promoted to some lucrative post, and feel morally obliged to resign at once;—at any rate, a vacancy might occur.

And so, when the eve of the twenty-one days came round, the whole College, from Captain to lag, was on the alert until midnight struck. It was called, "Montem sure night." A resignation might come even at the last moment. If it did not come until the lazy, wheezy old clock in the School-Yard struck twelve—the whole Long Chamber broke out into a wild uproar. Window shutters

were banged hard; and as neither window nor shutter were ever dusted or cleaned—except under a very doubtful election-holidays' hypothesis—the dust, spider web; and concrete air were such as only boys could endure. Bedsteads, too, half a ton weight, were raised a foot and more, and thumped down upon the floor; and shouts were raised as well, and a mild Pandemonium succeeded for the next quarter of an hour.

A boy of a gentle, philosophical mind might ask—Why and wherefore all this congratulatory row? Some one must gain the Montem determined on that night. The Captain gained it. Suppose the second had done so at the last moment. The joyous uproar would still have been the same,—probably greater from the unlooked-for solution of the suspense. A few might have wished personally for one or the other; but what had the bulk of the Remove or Lower boys to do with it? Nothing. The writer's interest might be, that a hard master was removed in that Montem—but an Amurath might succeed. The truth is, that it was as good a pretence for a row as anything else.

And so, at half-past twelve, or near it, all were in bed, and all were quiet. The Captain was content, for he had gained Montem. The second was content, for by a secret agreement between them the loser was to receive fifty pounds. The quiet was only partially disturbed by the hungry Lower boys whispering to each other from bedstead to bedstead that one of the two might and ought to have given a good supper all round, which would have been "jolly." But that was the natural

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lowest. Reeves looked to stature, and pronounced the number of yards. Assistant measured them out, and Collegger walked out with them under his arm. Not a word spoken except in numeration.

As the Captain would in all probability be drafted off to Kings in a month or two, Reeves subsequently gave him the value of the cloth instead of making it up,—in which case six feet in height would be an advantage.

That Ceremony was called “gowning.” An unknown Scholiast has set forth, that “tug”—a common name, as will be seen hereafter, for Collegger, was derived from “gens togata”—*pro o*. But in this case, as in many others, Scholiast has been misled by a too great love or leaning to originality. The synonym far less dignified.

The examination was held in Election Chamber. But we were congregated in the double flight of cloister stairs leading to it for a very long time before,—until, as the talk went at the time, the examiners had finished their wine.

But at last we were admitted, and were ushered into a large ante-chamber, on one side of which was a long antique Shovel board,—presumably for the health and recreation of the Fellows. The candidates did not take more than a passing notice then; but in after years, when in examination for Kings under Provost, Head Master, and Posers, it was our only recreation during the weary hours before we were called into that Star Chamber.

It was not very Starry though until 1820. Before that year such a thing was not known in College annals as a Candidate in Kings year having been thrown back. It was a matter of course. You were in Kings year:

and if a resignation came you simply filled it. So many resignations from Kings, so many went to Kings. Others in the year were superannuated, and were comforted with Exhibitions, Post-masterships, and similar soothings at Oxford and Cambridge. It really was the simplest thing in the world; you had only to get to the top, a resignation did all the rest.

Occasionally one was passed on to Kings who had never done a verse or theme in his life. Occasionally one was passed who could have learned Hebrew by Nature as easily as have construed ten lines of any Greek at sight—even an Æsop's Fable. The most ignorant continually went up to Kings, and the well-read were superannuated and consoled with Exhibitions.

The thing at last got talked of seriously at Kings. It was a jest in the University; and it was held by many Kings-men as a scandal. And so two Posers,—Dampier and Tomkins, came down in 1820, *proprio motu*, determined to put a stop to it by a real examination. No one was put back in the first year; the examination was very light and superficial, and given as a warning. In the next it was rather stiff, real, and solid. It had a little alleviation which caused a general laugh all round, Posers and posed. Goodall, intervening as was his wont, quoted an Alcaic stanza, leaving the last line for us to fill up. We could not do it; we looked at each other. After a time he gave us a lead in the word "Sanguineis;" but we were still at fault; and so in the end he gave us the whole line—

"Sanguineis Thrasymenus undia."

patches at the knees (so natural and inevitable were they), all down St James' Street, Pall Mall, and the Park part of the Horse Guards to Westminster Abbey and its sights. Among them was a small room without roof, up some steps in the North transept, adorned with wax-work figures. Queen Elizabeth and her ruff, if I mistake not, was among them; but certainly Nelson was with his own Trafalgar coat on, with a pin and bit of paper stuck in to show where the shot had penetrated which killed him! That show remained many years. I have always regarded my uncle's walk as amongst the highest examples of heroic moral courage.

One Law, however,—rather an absurd one,—was absolute. Those were the years of white ducks, jeans, and nankeens. They were in full fashion. Every one wore them; nankeen tight pantaloons and Hessian boots with tassels were great favourites in the West End; and ducks and jeans strapped tightly over the instep were an agreeable contrast. The school, too, was full of them; but they were wholly forbidden to Collegers under heavy penalty. Why or wherefore we could never satisfactorily understand. A relaxation from the old mode of dress was conceded in shorts; and assuredly white ducks, jeans, and nankeens could never have been prohibited in the Statutes of Henry VI.

The Oppidans, though, were not free. They had their prohibition in the matter of long kerseymere gaiters, which were also in reasonable probability absent from the Statutes. They might wear kerseymere shorts, but no protection from gaiters, be the weather what it

might. As for our part of the matter, it was felt to be a grievance, scarcely compensated by being innocently worn in the cricket-field; but one could not always be playing cricket.

I was left to choose my own domicile in college. I had choice of three—Long Chamber, Carter's, and Lower. The first was the true Colleger's home; the second and third were specials, and involved rent and annual payments—not very heavy, and supposed to include privileges and comforts which were not altogether apparent. It was, though, a case for choice, for there was more than a spirit of rivalry; there was open war between the Long and the Specials in cricket, football, and other contests, besides an under-current of satirical opinion, not usually remarkable for wit or common-sense.

I chose the Long, and imparted that choice to my Dame, with the request that my things might be sent thither. They were, and embraced a thin flock mattress, which lasted through my eleven succeeding years; three blankets, thin also; sheets, bolster—no pillow; and a woollen horse rug woven in long worsted strings for counterpane.

I had in addition the universal desk, a rough, half-planed affair in lead-coloured paint, some four feet square, or nearly so—a few inches higher perhaps than wide in front. It had a folding leaf, disclosing a shelf and one or two pigeon holes; and doors below, having also a shelf,

and a side cupboard. It was a stand-up desk, for no chairs were given; we were not supposed to sit down; and a more awkward, useless, provoking affair could not easily be invented.

Similar desks stood by every one's bedside, ranged all up and down against the walls to the Liberty, or first six in the Fifth form, who were allowed to fag, and have personal fags; they were also allowed to have chairs and bureaus.

Such as it was, it had to contain all books and scholastic matters; it was the only repository for any other goods and chattels which the youthful owner might possess. For example, dry shoes after football, and trousers; football trousers in those days being generally of striped bed-ticking, and very good football trousers too. They also did duty after lock-up. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, put on what were called "College things," that is, any old clothes at hand, so that they would hold well together, for the Lower boys, and smart College things for the Upper—flannels or bed-tick for the inferior limbs, and a coat or jacket of some light stuff for the Upper. Long Chamber was no joke at any time if taken in the light of dust, smoke, and peculiar atmosphere; but at night, with fifty boys of all sizes roving about, larking, making beds and other things, a Long costume was a necessity.

On our return from football, muddled sometimes up to the elbows, we managed a sort of passing wash for dinner in my Dame's yard at the tap, and so were set up for the rest of the day. The lower part of the desk had,



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LONG CHAMBER.

therefore, usually an indiscriminate assortment—rather mixed.

There was indeed a “Colleger’s room” at my Dame’s; but it was chiefly for the use of morning face and hand washing, with a press for linen and other clothes, and was used as a sick-room when “staying out.” The room had a window, a fire-place, a sanded floor, half-a-dozen basins, a chair, and a table—and nothing else; *simplex munditiis*; not much used though by the Collegers at my Dame’s.

But to return to the Long. It had fifty or fifty-two beds. I think the former; not fifty or fifty-two bedsteads, so that three of us had to sleep on the floor between two bedsteads with heads against the desks. They were decently laid on the adjoining beds during the day time; but as every one had to make his own bed, the floor one was bundled down anyhow, trodden on and smirched in the double process of bed-making on each side of it. It was nearly a year—two terms I think—before repeated and strong home complaints brought about a complement of bedsteads. Our generation, perhaps, was less enduring than preceding ones.

No sooner had I made my appearance after the Election Holidays in my College gown, and was rather proud of it, than I was pounced upon by a big, tall fellow with the question, “Who is your master?” and on my ready, cheerful and smiling answer, “I have none,” the rejoinder came in sharp—“You are my fag.” That

selection was the beginning of some four years and odd fagdom under him.

As it happened, he was notoriously a hard and dreaded Master, with a respectable *proximè accessit* to the hardest; and for a very long time there were few, if any, days in the week in which for the most trivial faults I had not to hold my hands down to have my face slapped red hot; or to hold them out to be flanked on the open palm by the end of a wet towel. No other forms of execution were known in that age,—cane unknown.

I ought perhaps to refrain, and it may be from weakness that I cannot, from a little anecdote on those flankings. It was some nine o'clock on a summer's eve after lock-up, and daylight scarcely gone, when I stood at the upper end of the Long, near the one washing table of the Sixth—a parallelogram in native deal, which was never clean and never dry, sloppy and soapy with successive Sixths, as they got out of bed and abluted, with occasional midday ablutions as well.

For some unremembered offence I had to hold out one hand after the other to be flanked by the end of a coarse wet towel, periodically dipped in one of the adjoining basins. My Captain executioner was afterwards Rector of Sutton. He was flanking away, laughing, dipping, and scorching the palms of my tiny hands sharply and painfully, when lo! on an instant there was a great uproar! A messenger from King's, on his way to Keate, had shouted out from Weston's Yard—"Resignation! Resignation! King's! King's!"

A pause was mechanically made on the towel matter. He hesitated, stopped. Friends rushed and crowded round him with congratulations; and amid a great row and noise, and throwing about of arms, I quietly glided off. The towel was laid aside. I didn't quote it then, because I was too young to know anything about it; but in after years I might have said, "*Sic me servavit Apollo*," and with about as much propriety as other occasional quotations are made of that recondite passage.

But to my Master. When he left I gave him the smart regulation leave-book—most wofully selected, as I now remember. He gave me in return the regulation two-pound pouch; some years afterwards we met in social life, and became fast friends. But that's Eton all over.

My Master was in his way a just Master, hard, severe at times,—but on the whole just. I had the care of all his linen; a serious matter, for he had so many gauzy, flimsy things, that they were a constant anxiety and worry to me. He had them from some relation in India, and also the very finest pocket handkerchiefs in startling abundance from the same source.

On one occasion, the day before the Holidays, one of these was missing; and as I had the care of them I was held responsible however the loss arose. It could not be found; and I was kept in the Long after twelve to look for it. It was a bright, sunny, half-holiday. I hunted here, and hunted there; searched every bed and beneath every bedstead. It was findless. He had evidently lost it out of doors.

But at last—*horresco referens*—I grew so weary, and the sun outside was so warm and brilliant, that I brought up one to him, which I had just placed under a rug-counterpane, as the lost one. I was let go with a reprimand. I had lost the first half of the after twelve; but I had gained the second.

At night, when the whole inventory had to be taken, preparatory to packing up, one handkerchief to his surprise was still missing. I don't remember exactly what happened. I dare say I got badly off in some way. No doubt I did.

I confessed it to him in after years, when it was too late to use the flanking towel, and had his remarks. I only record it now to show the wickedness of unregarded, ill-cared-for boys of some nine years old. The system was bad to admit it. We did not think so then. Probably we thought nothing about it. We were somewhat hardy; and whatever came was mostly received as a matter of course; we simply inherited.

And so, putting this little episode aside, I began—as many others began—my College life. It was rather desolate. However loyally we tried in our different ways to make the best of it,—and we *did* try, little imps that we were,—it was rather desolate. We had no refuge or place to go to;—we wandered. Sometimes we made a party under 15-arch Bridge, out of the way of our great enemies the fagging masters; and passed the after twelve in various ways,—a head one of which was

raising up funeral-piles with crossed sticks and setting them on fire. At other times we passed the after-twelves and fours in equally idiotic ways, only too glad and happy to be free.

After a term or two, I and others of the same standing were men enough to hire rooms in the town, to which we could rush with ears deaf and eyes blind to any fagging, out-looking Sixth or Liberty; but in the former time, as I have said, we were wholly without refuge of any sort whatever.

Suppose a rainy day. Going to the Long was simply going to be fagged by anyone who happened to be at his bureau doing theme or verses—or doing nothing. As he looked up to the ceiling, his thoughts might casually be directed to his new pair of shoes at Ingaltson's, not sent home; or the mending of his old ones at Milward's; or the late splitting of his coat at I forget who's; and the Lower boy would be despatched up town for general information.

It is very true, that there was the shelter of the Cloisters, where cricket was playable, with hats for wickets and fives' balls; but search far and wide there was no other shelter overhead for a roomless Collegier. I believe there is none now for a Lower boy in which to avoid "Come here;" and so we had the pull on the present generation, when we had arrived at the dignity of having rooms up town.

If any one should recollect Washington Irving's matchless description of a rainy day at a country inn, and recall his portraiture of the barn-door fowl with his drooping

tail and draggled hackles,—utter desolation in fowl life,—that was very near the portraiture of a Lower boy Collegier in rainy times. This only applies to whole and half holidays, for “my Tutor’s” Pupil-room afforded full and ample shelter after twelve and four on all other days, to the exclusion of all wants and wishes in any different direction.

And *apropos* of my Tutor’s Pupil-room (and others, with rare exceptions) it was a little dirty, dingy room, some few yards in length and breadth, standing by itself away from the house. The furniture, a deal table, two forms, a Windsor arm-chair, and a desk with a leaning top; the table black with generations of ink, and deeply intersected with names and initials, to the total disappearance of original smoothness. Anything less inviting to study of any sort might long be sought in vain.

Soon after our arrival my Tutor would come out with strips of paper in his hand containing English for verses, or other tasks, distribute them, and leave us in the necessary quiet to do them carefully and well. That was, say, at twelve. About a quarter to two, or dinner hour, he would come again, gather them up, and take them away to correct, or mark mistakes in them for correction after four, and leave us.

The exercises might have taken altogether a short half-hour, for the clever ones quickly did theirs, and then did ours; and then the cry arose, “Now for a game at egg in the hat!”

I don’t know whether the game is extant, as it is some years since I played it. Roughly, all the hats were ranged

in a row on the ground in the adjoining yard, and the owners stood three or four paces before them. A fives' ball was pitched into one of them, and then all but the owner of that one ran away, and the ball was shied at them, and there were forfeits of one kind or other for the unfortunate who was hit.

Another prevalent diversion, or interlude, was slinging stones at the chapel windows. I don't think they were ever reached; but there was hope in the attempt.

But that game and the Cloister cricket went some way in accounting for the battered and disreputable hats which distinguished most of the Lower boys, and Collegers especially.

That kind of Pupil-room work lasted until we had reached the Lower Fifth—perhaps the Remove in some cases; but *mutatis mutandis* all through the Fourth. It then ceased; and with the exception of meeting there in the morning at 10.30 to go over the construing of the day, and placing our themes and verses in the desk, and taking them out when corrected, I never came across my Tutor, scholastically, in any form whatever.

Our mode of living was peculiar. The orthodox hour of breakfast throughout the school was ten, and may perhaps be so now; at that hour I and any other wretched Collegers at my Dame's used to go into the kitchen to receive our restorative. The restorative allowed to us was distributed in a half-pint tin of milk with a loop-handle, and a penny roll and butter. Our restorative was not

great; and family mercy after a time added a second roll to me. But we had no place in which to eat the one or drink the other. The Collegers' fireless, sloppy room at that hour was out of the question. And so both were usually consumed, and rapidly consumed too, on my Dame's kitchen-dresser; or in summer on a step in the bricked courtyard outside.

Other *locale* for us was there none. True to the letter. Of course, it only applied to those who had no hired rooms; but while it lasted it certainly was not pleasant.

The dinner arrangements, too, were peculiar. It may be supposed that in the earlier times of the College large flocks of sheep were a staple possession of the Provost and Fellows; and that they wisely distributed them in furtherance of collegiate vigour of life.

There was a certain day in the year—a wealthy day for all in College life—called “threepenny day;” and on that day a Præpostor, with list in hand, accompanied the Bursar, with purse in hand, containing thirty-five sixpences. We were all at dinner, and the purse-bearer went solemnly down the tables, beginning with the Captain, some nineteen years old, to the lowest boy, some eight or nine, and made to each a donation of threepence.

Threepenny pieces were unknown, and so the division went by sixpence to every two, in trust to honour, that the one who took up the sixpence would change, and halve it with his partner in gain. As a matter of fact, as soon as the unconscious Bursar had passed on, it was heads or tails all the way down—a faint introduction to

Threepenny Day. 27

the Monte Carlos of those times, not contemplated by the Statutes.

But why threepence? It was the received value of half a sheep—whether so or not—in the Middle Ages, and a real gift to the poor Collegier. Of course, in right, honour, and justice, the then value, capitalised somehow, should have descended into modern correspondent coinage. But that is not my point. That must be left to the Governing Powers. My point is a little passing incident.

Some years ago, forty or thereabouts, a boy whose name should not be lost—Bramwell—said to the Bursar—*teste* Montagu Williams—that he would rather have half a sheep than the threepence. “No, thank you, Sir; I want my half sheep.” I suppose he spoke too abruptly; a little preface or preparatory introduction might have been better. It evidently jarred, for we read that “Bethel flew into an awful rage, and exclaimed, ‘I’ll mention this matter to Dr Hawtrey, and have you flogged.’” And so he was sent to the Library for impudence, and had the solid advantage of two rods instead of his visionary half sheep.

There might have been some other reason than the abundance of flocks; but the dominant fact is, that Collegiers, from time immemorial, have been fed on nothing but mutton all the year round—always roast—not even an occasional boiled variety. The joints were four; legs, loins, shoulders, and necks, accompanied with mashed potatoes, so long as they were mashable; no other vegetable of any sort; and with no vegetable at all

in the younger unmashable life of the potato. That immunity lasted about four months in the year. In that fence time you had your choice: mutton and bread, or bread and mutton; separately, or together; but nothing in any shape besides.

Bread was plentiful and excellent in quality. Beer in gallon tin cans or stoups ranged up and down the tables, to be consumed as from "loving cups" from the fountain-head, not even in tins or horns; consumable, but not consumed, except in mouthfuls after violent football or extremes of summer heat; thick, new, and of vilest flavour; in short, except under the grievous pressure of intolerable thirst, wholly undrinkable.

I do not think—writing as I do calmly some eighty years after—that any beverage was ever so vile, villainous, and detestable as the beer which was put on the three tables in Hall during the time I was in College. It never improved, never altered. It was brewed on a plan; put into barrels, worked, and sent up as soon as yeast and fermentation permitted.

A strong representation was once made by the Sixth. A Fellow, in consequence, came into Hall to investigate the matter. How, and by what unexplained method he decided, I could never tell. He certainly did not raise one of the cans to his lips, nor did he send for a glass. But he went down the tables with an enquiring mind, looked into the cans, went out, and then—nothing came of it.

Had such beverage been put on the tables in these modern days, it might almost be said to have been a side effort towards the blue ribbon; but whether or not,

I and my contemporaries never touched it a second time, except under the pressure of abnormal thirst. It was simply a disgrace to the College.

But, as is well known, when things get to their worst they mend; and the worst is sometimes the Mother of Invention. And so it was in this instance. The name of the Inventor is lost in the dimness of ages; but his invention lived. He got together some stone bottles, used commonly for spruce and ginger beer in those times, and filled them from the cans. He placed three or four raisins in each, and a largish teaspoonful of the coarsest molasses sugar, tied them down and waited.

In four or five days the beverage came forth foaming and palatable in those days under the name of Bumble. Some boys were great in Bumble—brewing from six to twelve bottles at a time in the summer, with a certain degree of popularity during the era of consumption.

The writer, when in the Lower Greek, tried it at home, and met with disastrous failure—which shows an unthought of excellence in thick, new, bad beer.

The mutton was unexceptional; southdown, fairly aged, and cooked to perfection. It was eaten on pewter plates, with broad horn-handled two-pronged forks, and broad round-bladed knives, technically Americanised as pea-eaters. On Sundays throughout the year half a plum pudding, tin-shaped, was assigned to each—and very good it was. But any one throughout the tables would sooner have thrown his half away than have touched the part which abutted on the cloth. It was under universal taboo.

This pudding gave rise to a refrain which was frequently sung after retreating Collegers of Fourth and Lower Schools by Oppidans, and often stirred up wrath and consequential deeds in return. Brown bread was at times served with white as a change, and so the refrain ran—

“ Brown bread all the week,
Pudding on a Sunday ;
And, 'cause it is allowance day,
Some p^oter on a Monday.”

That, Gentlemen, is how your Grandfathers were treated.

The manner of serving was peculiar. The Lower boys were mustered into a kind of bare-bricked cellar with an unglazed, grated window—an ante-room to the College kitchen—a little before the two o'clock dinner hour. When all the joints inside had been ranged on a large dresser, and ready to be taken up, the door was opened, and a fierce rush was made for the dishes. It was an intellectual and calculated rush. All the joints were set on large, round, heavy pewter dishes with liberal gravy. The great object was to seize on the legs and the loins, because they were sure to be the earliest chosen in Hall ; necks next, and shoulders last.

A good leg was probably got rid of at once by the Captain—while the holders of the rest were only gradually relieved, as the procession of joints went down the tables to the last mess.

The mode was this. The procession mounted the stairs from the kitchen and its passage into the Hall, where the whole joint assemblage stood in line, each with his round pewter dish resting against his waistcoat ; and the Captain of each mess for the nonce stood up, looked round, and chose his joint. Say it was a leg ; well, a leg went for eight ; and then the ninth stood up and looked round and chose ; and so on through all the tables until the last joint was not chosen, but taken. A shoulder went for eight, and a neck for six. Shoulders invariably fell in line at the last—unchosen. It was a work of time.

Now, some of us were small, and the carrying a great heavy, round pewter dish with a heavy joint upon it full of gravy, up some twenty stairs from the kitchen to the Hall, and then down the tables—for in the struggle the shoulders naturally fell to our share—was a trial ; and no wonder that the cooling gravy and grease invaded our waistcoats. But wonder or not, it undoubtedly did, and our clothes in the afterpart of the day in most cases, were smeared and streaked in a disgusting manner. But that is a secondary matter—or at least was generally considered so. We grew used to it.

The dinner itself is the chief consideration. Every one carved for himself ; and the legend ran, that every one was entitled to have three “cuts.” Putting aside the legend, it may well be supposed that, what with hunger, bad carvers, and fierce eaters, now and then the shoulder for eight would be considerably disfigured before it came down to the fifth and sixth, with the further disadvantage,

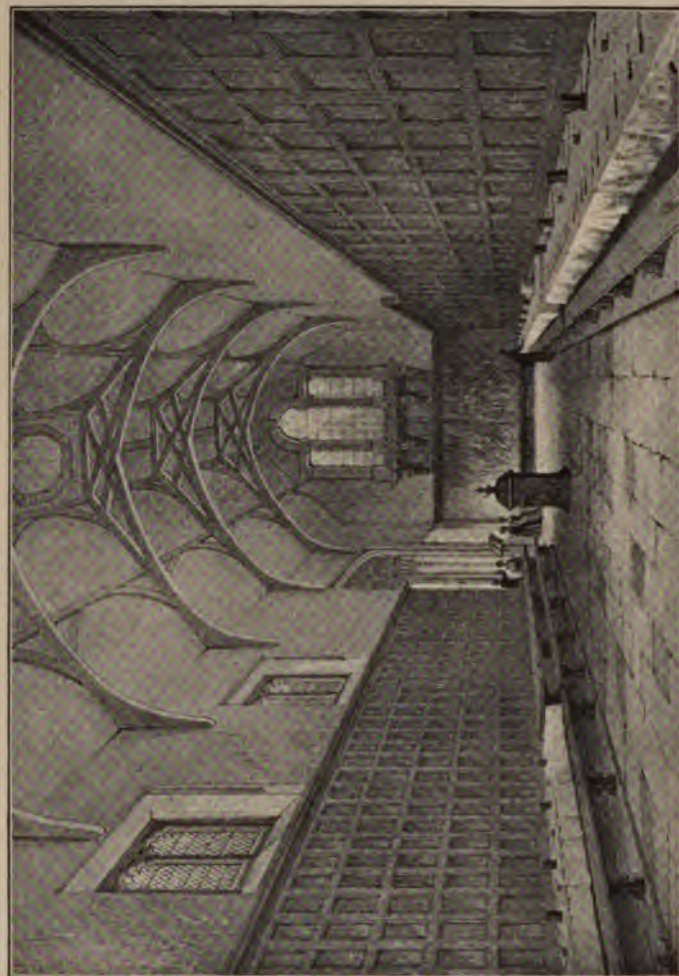
that any fellow would rather go without dinner altogether than eat a morsel of the under side. It was unbroken tradition; and no law was ever more rigidly observed. It had some local obnoxious name. I forget what it was—probably a foolish one.

Day after day during my first year have I been forced to dine on dry bread, or on bread dipped in the dish, or sopped on the forbidden side, and potatoes. That was bad; for no doubt a shoulder under social amenities properly directed, might have fulfilled its eight-fold mission in a way. Under existing circumstances, aided by a dash of prejudice, the task was hopeless. And the small Southdown loin for eight, and the small neck, deprived of its scrag, for six, had an equally hopeless task in doing what was expected of them. They could not do it.

A year or two afterwards, strong, fatherly representations from many sides induced the College to take the matter up, and the loin was promoted to six and the neck to four.

In the middle of the Hall was a large circular charcoal brazier, rising to a point on iron bars to afford a draught. We of the lower order used now and then to pierce two holes in the edge of a plate, just large enough to hold a two-pronged fork. We then cut bits or junks from any joints after the dinner was over and the Hall free, on which bits or junks could be found, and made a mess with as much gravy and cold gravy grease as we could get together, and mashed potatoes.

We held, or stewed it over the fire, moistening the edges with a crust of bread dipped in the gravy to



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guard them from melting. The meat steamed, browned, sent forth a delicious odour, frizzled away, and made what was then thought a superb dish. It was nothing to us, that all the tables had been cleared in the meantime by the Almswomen, and that we had our feast on the bare oak table.

It had, though, its disadvantages, or misadventures. Sometimes the edges were not grateful for the care bestowed upon them, and melted. The dinner was lost, absorbed in a flare and dense upward smoke and steam; and I greatly fear, that the plate as well was lost to the College, finding a grave somewhere outside.

This dinner history is not parenthetical. It had a direct and serious effect on the young Collegger's daily life, if not in his after years in stoppage of growth. He certainly had one remedy, if his purse were equal to it. The Cook—Worthy—had daily a long and goodly array of apple, currant, or gooseberry tinned puddings; or roly and others in unison with the season, which, cut in half, were distributed at the price of sixpence each. Occasionally he held in view half roast fowls and other dainties at a considerable price; and sooth to say, only a very moderate margin was sometimes left in the purse after the holidays to those who indulged in those anticipatory luxuries. But they were not Lower boys.

The dinner Præpostor, or Servitor, who distributed the joints, had the three Lower boys assigned to him, who waited upon the Sixth. He had a separate table after the Hall was cleared, and had the privilege of varying his customary neck of mutton in three ways,—Kabob, good,

Lower boys, who were incessant in their enquiries how and when he was to be immolated.

The hour of dinner was rather early in a warm July day. "I must leave you for a moment," said one Eton man to another,—“I have to *break* to my servant that I dine at three o'clock.”

It may be singular, but it used to be matter of common remark amongst old Collegers, that in after life, instead of being heartily sick of the very name of mutton, they have held it in high esteem, and have usually preferred it. Not unwisely; a four-year-old haunch down-fed, with the single exception of its venison cousin, is, with true judges, the king of meats,—even though Sir Loin should bring an action for defamation. His knighthood was conferred upon him in rough-feeding, barbarous times. The superior taste arose at a later day.

No doubt, home variety of food was greatly prized in holidays; and it is a fact that both allowance and tick ran considerably in the line of sausage breakfasts, and other varieties of food in the course of the day. But Oppidans, though well fed, had just the same holiday anticipations, and were not a whit behind in current expenditure. Both Oppidans and Collegers supplemented their dinner. The Oppidans had a sort of Club, which met in one of the Christopher cellars with outside steps leading to it, called the Estaminet. It met for beer, porter, bread and cheese from half-past two till three o'clock School or Chapel. It was select, and not easy of admittance. Its roughness and its peril gave a double zest to it. It was an imposition offence to be seen within the archway of

the Christopher by any Master ; and a ten for any Lower boy seen coming out with bottle or jug.

We Collegers had something of the same kind in 1820-21-22 in the Long. Five met as above at a table spread by the Lower fireplace,—three Collegers and two Oppidans,—to supplement their dinner with Stilton and strong Windsor ale from a cask kept in the wood-shed of Carter's Chamber. It gave a fine colour to the face,—if it did no other good.

As I have intimated, Collegers, in view of the scanty accommodations in the Long and other Chambers, had the privilege of hiring rooms in the town. The rent tariff was universally by tacit agreement half-a-crown weekly for each tenant. In my third term I was fortunate enough to become joint-tenant with two other fellows in a pleasant room considerably above Barnes-pool Bridge. It was an enormous convenience ; for there we could have comfortable breakfast and tea, and keep our books and other treasures ; and in after years, when risen above Pupil-rooms, we could do our verses, get up construing, write our letters, and make it a veritable home.

All great Institutions, Guilds, and Corporations from the House of Commons downwards have their anomalies. The special Collegiate one was in the matter of "shirking." Collegers' bounds were slightly limited. They included the School Yard, Weston's Yard and the Playing Fields. A step beyond any of these was "out of bounds." It is altered now ; but in these ancient days it stood firm.

And so it was, that while we were allowed by the Authorities to hire any rooms we chose halfway up to Windsor Bridge, we were breaking a fundamental law in going to them ; and had to dodge, and shirk, and rush down any alley, or into any shop that was at hand from every Master who happened to be in our way. It was also against unwritten law to go above Barnes' Pool in your gown : and so a good-natured shopkeeper by the bridge suffered all who passed it to throw down their gowns in a corner of his shop. Thus it happened that sometimes there was a heap of gowns a yard high in that corner ; and the unfolding and throwing about to get one's own gave a certain air of dust upon it when resumed. The Long Walk was out of bounds to Collegers ; and I have been participator in such absurdities as these—

Two or three Collegers are at the top of the walk near the Chapel-yard gates. A Master comes through the gateway on to the walk. The Collegers run to the nearest tree, and stand, like wild ducks, in a line behind it, moving round as the Master advances, when he either calls them on or ignores them.

Two or three Collegers are by the wall opposite the School-Yard. Keate, or a Master, comes in sight. We gradually back within the School-Yard archway, and cap him as he passes,—and yet, there are sixty Collegers, if not more, with authorised rooms scattered high and low all over the town. Surely we are a strange people.

The Sixth had the same shirking prerogative ; so that we had not only to look out for Masters up Eton, or in

Windsor, but for the *Dii majorum gentium* of our own consanguinity as well.

But as if that was not enough to keep us on the alert, we had an alarm from the Writing and Summing Master as well, Hexter, who, on the strength of a permanent appointment, and a work-room under the Upper School, was supposed to have petitioned for cap and gown, like the Masters. That cup fortunately ran over.

I rather think that a similar claim was in after years made by the Mathematical Master. We had none at that time. I did my first problem in Euclid at Cambridge — “for fun.” I take this expression from a reminiscence some twenty years afterwards at King’s. It was at a Convocation of half the Fellows at the Provost’s Lodge on College business. That was transacted by Provost and Bursar. We were only ornamental witnesses; and to pass the time, the writer and a cousin of his got hold of a Greek Testament on some disputed point. One of the old-school Fellows overheard us, looked on, and asked in astonished tone, “Are you doing that for fun?”

All this shirking was vexatious enough; but after I had been there two or three years, the Provost, Dr Goodall, took it into his wisdom that *he* too would be shirked by Collegers as well; and so he added another link to the chain. Fortunately, the Fellows did not see the thing in the same light, and left us free. If the thing had gone on, we might have had the Dames on us as well from successful petition.

There was a silly unreality in the whole thing,

for the shirkers were invariably called on, and Masters occasionally gave the privilege to some of their favourite pupils of quietly passing them ; and the Sixth gave the same licence right and left in profusion. It was a nuisance to most of them. We might play hockey ; but the ground was out of bounds. We might bathe ; but every one of our bathing places without exception was well out of bounds. After twelve on a whole holiday there would not be a boy to be seen in Eton. They were all off somewhere, and all out of bounds.

Indeed, the only limit to distant walks or runs into the country was the time in which they could be made. The river, too, was free to all who could procure a boat ; and, in a word, the liberty of action between school or " Absence " was simply absolute and uncontrolled. Of course there must be " bounds ; " they might have been reasonably enlarged.

This perfect freedom, though, gave an inexpressible charm to Eton life—a charm that never dies, and remains in the memory through all the trials, troubles, happiness, and hard work of after years. It gives high and generous thoughts as well ; self-reliance ; and tends in its way to build up a special character. There never was any thing little in general Eton life. A high standard has always been kept up by unwritten law.

The Masters, from Keate downwards, never interfered or intervened in any way out of school. We were a self-governing Community. I have heard it raised as an

objection that it was so ; and that among so many, and of different ages, there should have been a constant and felt control. The objectors, if not timid parents, were assuredly unacquainted with the very groundwork and principle of such an Institution as ours.

Put five hundred boys under perpetual, and therefore galling surveillance, and the weakness of human nature will tempt them into every possible way, indiscriminately, of escaping from it. Trust them, and their impulse will be to answer loyally to the trust. Sparse black sheep are most-where. White sheep in multitude and opinion will over-awe and keep them under.

Among so many you can know intimately only a few ; and out of your own house and form there are many faces on which you have never looked twice. But go where you will, it is a passport to intimacy for the time. Wherever met—India or Switzerland, Melbourne or New York, it's all the same—"you were at Shury's," "I was at Slingsby's," and Dames and Tutors, Garraway, and Estaminet, with Keate at the head, fall at once into familiar talk, as if they had actually been introduced, and so able as Englishmen to exchange words.

That may be said, no doubt, in its degree, of all Public Schools. All have that tendency. I only claim it in the highest degree for Eton. No other is so truly cosmopolitan.

Henry Mathews in his "Diary of an Invalid," 1820, states that, on reaching Rome, he fell in with some Eton men. Greetings passed, and then he learned that a great Cricket match was on, and he was hurried to it.

It was "Eton against the world: and the world was beaten in one innings." Often told; this was its origin. I reverence History.

But all this applies to a later time. At present I am scarcely nine years old, and have been placed in the lowest Division of the Third form, or "Nonsense;" and began a steady course of upward Removes, which consumed exactly eleven years to bring them to full maturity.

The temptation is great on this word to tell a story of two well-known men, Dr Goodall, Provost, and Charles Simeon, Founder of the Trust which goes by his name. There were four divisions in the Third form, the two latter of which were respectively termed "Sense and Nonsense," so called from their commencement in Verse-making. Sense turned English words into Latin. Nonsense merely acquired rhythm and quantities from scattered words in a page of Terence.

The Doctor was in a merry mood at dessert, following a grand Saturday's Election dinner, and the table was full of visitors. After a great deal of personal chaff, wise or unwise, the Doctor said, "I think, Mr Simeon, that in our early days you were in the Sense and I was in the Nonsense." "Just so, Mr Provost, and there we have remained ever since!"

After these great Election dinners, it was the custom for the guests at the High table to migrate from the Hall to Election Chamber for dessert. Only wine was on the table; total absence of anything else. As was natural at a meeting of old Etonians, a good deal of the Sense and Nonsense order was talked. Men compared

Life in Long Chamber. 43

times and ages ; and little apparent discrepancies sometimes arose and were adjusted.

On one occasion a visitor asked Knapp, one of the Masters, something about it, and the kind of dessert they had, " Oh ! the simplest possible—wine and dates."

But I have it in mind, just now, to speak more of our social than of our school life, and of our ways and manners after we have been locked up for the night. Long Chamber, with all its glories, is a thing of the past. Though it flourished through so many generations from Henry downwards, it was not altogether remarkable for comfort—leaning, in point of fact, to its opposite. But it was lofty, airy, full of draughts and windows, many broken ; and when lighted up from top to bottom with fifty dips and two roaring fires, it would have presented to a casual visitor a somewhat pleasing and suggestive sight.

Some were at their desks writing, or were lying down on their beds, with candles on their bedsteads standing up in their own dropped substance, reading ; some were walking up and down in laughing or earnest talk ; others were boxing, or smiting with single-stick ; and all this, not once or twice, but through the whole winter months. There was an ease and independence about it indescribable. Nevertheless, its disadvantages school-wise were overpowering ; and one of the best acts of the Reformers was to break it up utterly, root and branch.

I speak though now of my early life in it. A considerable portion of a Lower boy's existence in this stage of it

was passed in fagging. The first thing he had to do was to make his Master's bed, and to look generally to his comfort. Woe to him if everything were not in thorough order and tidiness, especially if the rough middle seam went inwards. He would assuredly be hauled out of bed about eleven or twelve, as it might be, and run up the Long with howls, and three or four big fellows at his heels, in his night-dress, to make it right. It was a dire offence; amongst the direst; and seldom committed, as may be supposed, more than once.

He then had to make his own bed; open his desk, light his candle, and eat his supper, if he had any. Not always; very seldom, unless he had devoted some of his Monday's allowance to that end on that special night.

Let us glance again at the day of a Lower boy like myself. Milk and a penny roll, or two if persuasive at home, for breakfast. Doubtful dinner at two. Bread, if desired, at four; if not, stopping balls behind a Sixth form's wicket, or otherwise in harness. Supper provided at six, if Hall be reached unmolested. Supper therefore doubtful, with best intentions. Nothing more till ten o'clock milk and roll in Dame's kitchen next morning. I have gone times out of number without a morsel of food within my lips from dinner to breakfast, save draughts of water; and I have slept and dreamed of feasts and banquets such as boys of nine and ten can imagine, many a night, till wakened up at seven in winter by Keate's servant, Cartland, ringing a bell, and swinging a large horn lantern, ready to give a light to any one who had

fortunately preserved a bit of his candle from overnight to dress by.

And then, if in the Fourth, into what was called from a memorial remnant, I suppose, of former days "six o'clock lesson" in the Upper School. Dark and cold; a Master in Windsor arm-chair; an iron rod in a stand by his side, supporting a tallow dip.

A boy called up. Steps down from his form to the Master-and-candle's side, and construes as he best can, and parses some lines of Farnaby,—a work rather above the Fourth comprehension in sentiment and terseness of construction at all times. Especially then. I fancy there was usually a broad chasm between the Farnaby of six o'clock lesson, and the Farnaby of Cambridge in preparation for going in for the Greek epigram.

But to return to hungry boys and their dreams. That hunger was a personal matter, though shared by many others. Lower boys were told off in rotation for special services. Three took it in turn to wait on the Sixth at supper in Lower Chamber. Not a hard service, or an ungrateful one. A loin of mutton was allowed by the College in the liberality of those days for the twelve. It was thus partitioned. The first four had it split into two bones each. The remaining eight had nothing. The chump, called Johnny Bear, or Bare, probably from the first possessor, was given to a man—Swaine—who came to the grated window at nine, and did every one's supper commissions in turn. Porter amongst the chief.

I don't know whether it be worthy of record or not; but the good man, Garraway, lord of The Christopher,

ease at his bureau—a primitive sort of Davenport. The Sixth and Liberty gave up their desks on promotion for the bureau. The lowest had to answer, and run up sharply too. You cast a hasty glance around first, to see if there were any one lower than yourself, and acted accordingly.

Sixth and Liberty had many wants. Sometimes the want took the form of a new College candlestick. Their own was worn out and limp, and they had omitted to buy a tin one as more suitable to their rank. The command was in fewest words, and with Spartan brevity: “Get me a candlestick.”

You had then two choices. You might dispossess yourself of your own candlestick, and take up that, or you might tear off another cover from one of your own books, and make one. There was no third honest choice; and so it was that the majority of Lower school books were so often without covers, and apt to lose much of valuable text in consequence.

I have said “honest choice;” and there was none in the outer world’s opinion; but there was one in our world. We might assume another fellow’s book-cover, if we could accomplish it.

There were two things, which by native law were allowable to be assumed without loss of character—school books and candles. If you had to light a fire, you laid the foundation from the handiest book. If you wanted a bit of candle you took the nearest. Unseen, common school books of small value lying about with no name in them belonged to you, because at the time they belonged

to no one else. Such was Lower boy reasoning. It does not appear altogether sound. I do not defend. I chronicle. There are things in the law of the land which are anomalous. I hope books and candles are now within the scope and pale of Eton home legislation.

One species of fagging was, to use a light term, hated. There was no grate in Carter's Chamber. The fireplace had dogs for wood. The supply for the winter was piled up in solid logs split up into lengths of four and five feet each, and had to be sawn into suitable logs for the fireplace.

We should not have cared so much for it if it had been for the Long; but we cared a great deal for it as it was. The Lower Fifth, who had the care of the fire supply, was fully aware of our antipathy; and also knew that if he had called out "Lower boy" we should probably have migrated or run up to the top of the Long in an imaginary fagdom. He therefore came on you quietly, touched you on the shoulder with the unanswerable words—"Come and saw logs"—a good three-quarter's work for weak arms and a blunt saw.

That was the normal state of things; and as we were not always at our desks getting up lessons, but amusing ourselves in other ways, perhaps it did not much matter. The abnormal was intermittent. I select one, "Saturday mowing nights."

Supper was at ten; and after supper, about eleven, three or four of the Sixth would sit round a table near the upper fireplace to remove, or create, the manly chin

and whiskers. Lower boys were of course in attendance, sitting on the adjoining bedsteads ; and what with earnestness and fun the operation was never concluded till twelve ; mostly later. Then to bed, and to be tucked up, and made snug for the night. The clean clothes, previously brought from the Dame's, had to be laid nicely in order on the chair ready for the morning ; and the candle to be blown out, and the question tremulously asked, "Is there anything more ?" If nothing, the Lowers, half dead with sleep and tiredness, tumbled into their own beds as they could, and often in half their clothes.

There was once a great row made about it at my Tutor's ; for we used to nod, or fall asleep in nine o'clock Pupil-room on a verse or two, and sometimes even a whole Parable from Scripture, on the Sunday mornings. We didn't wish it ; we couldn't help it. It was not so much from the few hours of sleep, for we had six at the very least, if not more ; it was the hard work of the preceding day, up to the last moment, which made those hours utterly inadequate.

My Tutor, of course, knew that there must be some special cause for it, though Mowing nights were probably not extant in his time, and he tried hard to get at it. I need not say that he tried in vain. He spoke to Keate about it, and Keate tried, with about as much chance of success as a Protestant J.P. would have in probing the secrets of the Confessional. None of us would give information, or own a cause ; and so the mowings went on, though slightly lightened.

It must be confessed that Fagdom has had, and prob-

ably will always have, an ill name in some families. Not in mine, for my father had been at Harrow, and his elder brother at Eton, and knew well what fagging was, and only laughed heartily at my worst stories. And indeed, though sometimes hard, there was nothing degrading in it. We didn't black shoes. We certainly cleaned the Sixth supper knives and forks, and washed their plates, and the work was not altogether pleasant.

We had also tea services to attend to. Sometimes a few of the Sixth would have theirs laid in the Long, and all through the summer there were cricket tea gatherings in Poet's Walk, and all the paraphernalia were under our sole care and keeping. Tea cloths were rare—very rare. I think I recollect one or two. You might bring one of your own, if you chose, probably a towel; but the things had to be washed up and prepared. It was all below the consideration of the Sixth. The thing had to be done; very likely as they had done it themselves years before.

Any one who was present at Chapel on Saints' Days might have observed some black gowns among the surplices of the Lower boys. The surplices were at the wash; they were the occasional substitutes for tea and supper cloths. Do I say all this in disparagement of Eton? By no means. It simply was. We were living in the spirit of the age, and thought no more about it than if we had tea-cloths by the dozen.

It can scarcely, though, be credited, but to the letter true, that surplices, with the full knowledge of the Sixth, were smeared and disfigured, to use the gentlest term, with helping to wash up twelve supper-plates every night

before their table was spread. Dry, to be sure, as to gravy, but with varied condiments. And many a Lower boy has hurried on his surplice without much inspection, and gone into Chapel in a state piteous and disgraceful to see. But sooth to say, the Authorities in those days, like an Authority in other days, cared for none of these things. I greatly doubt whether they ever saw them. It was within the spirit of the age.

Sometimes the Sixth took the matter into their own hands, and pretty sharply too, considering their part in it. On Saints' Days the Collegers met on the stones at the foot of the Chapel stairs until the Masters went up. Now and then a Lower boy or two were—well—pushed off the stones rather suddenly to take off their smeared surplices, and put on their gowns.

We had harder work though. We had to scrub all the varied stains of the week from three heavy deal tables after four every Saturday, and bring them back to their original brightness in Norway deal. It was not to be laughed at. We had also to carry them down on our backs to Poet's Walk on the grand cricket day—that is, on Tuesday, as tea-tables for the upper Club.

A procession of three tables. Any one looking down the central walk of the Playing Fields might see three moving bodies, which had the look of three whitish carapaces leaning against the rays of the afternoon sun, and receiving them. If he wished to see their motive power, he would have to look through the bars and legs, when he would see indistinctly a portion of the form of the little Colleger beneath.

We had then to fetch our own Master's quota of tea and twopenny roll and two of butter; to light a gipsy fire, and boil a tin caldron, called the Conjuror, and get the sticks where we could, somewhat on Horne Tooke's principle of non-return of income to the Tax Commissioners, that he either "begged, borrowed, or stole," and that they were at liberty to make their choice. As a fact, his political friends subscribed his income. I don't exactly remember which we did; but the Conjuror always boiled.

In regard to morning's work, we had to clean and fill the wash-hand basins of our Master from the pump in Weston's Yard, snow and sunshine—jugs unknown; see to his shoes, which were brightened by a hired man at one of the windows on the stairs, and set him going for the day. He breakfasted in his room up-town.

In regard to evening's work, we had in turn to run up at night between eight and half-past to a shop a few doors this side of Windsor Bridge, and bring down two or three pecks of coals in our gowns, with the ends fast clasped over our shoulders. It was the nightly supply of the Upper fireplace, and every Fifth took it in turn, and paid for it; but *we* did it, and without grumbling. It was a custom. Our gowns were rather dusty to be sure, but it was routine work, and was done cheerfully, and as a matter of course. No true Collegier ever complained of any thing. Some of these things may be done now. They certainly were done with many collaterals eighty years ago.

The Long was not altogether a pleasant place to sleep in,—especially when your bed was on the floor. The bedsteads were very old, and solidly built of oak, what were called box-bedsteads, with raised sides ; and five of them were in winter nightly ranged round the Upper fireplace for the accommodation of the Fifth, who inhabited the Long, and who sat upon them, and ate their supper and sang songs.

The Liberty had a table set, and supper regularly laid near the Lower fireplace ; and so it happened that there was a plentiful *débris* of bread, cheese-rind, and odds and ends of other things to be swept up next morning, or rather to be eaten in the waist of the night by the rats. Very little was ordinarily left for the next morning's sweepings.

They came out in troops, well fed and wary, and were heard scurrying about the fireplaces, and up and down all night long. One had been caught in a trap, and left one of his legs in it ; and I do not exaggerate in saying that he was known by his halting, tripping run for years. He was never caught again in my time ; but others were less fortunate, though honoured in their capture.

Two of the Sixth took a delight in stripping them of their skins ; now and then indeed coming to words as to their turn in the operation ; sharp words too, for their heart was in the work, and on the portion fairly assignable to each in individual cases. The skins were carefully stretched and dried, and then nailed in rows over the broad fireplaces from the ceiling downwards. There were some forty in the Upper, completely filling it, and



LONG CHAMBER, WESTON'S YARD.

Tossing in Blankets. 55

some two or three rows in the Lower, left imperfect from the premature departure of the operators to King's, and not renewed; although one of them came back as an Assistant Master.

The Long had its amusements; venerable from time, but of unequal merit. The being taken forcibly from your bed, half asleep, and tossed in a blanket, was one of doubtful pleasure; in point of truth it was one considerably dreaded. And every now and then a tossing mania came over the Ruling Powers, and our wishes went for nothing.

On one occasion during the greater part of a term, or "half," it was used as a punishment to bring to light an undiscoverable and disgraceful offence against a boy named Parr, but it was unsuccessful, and as a punishment caused it to be regarded with absolute abhorrence for the time. The culprit was strongly suspected. He was in the Fifth, as was Parr; and therefore, by a faint logical sequence, many of the Fifth near him were nightly tossed.

One boy, afterwards a Master, owing to six feet of height, or near it, and stalwart of limb, used to say they might toss him if they chose. Of course with their small blankets they could do nothing of the kind; but it was not undeniably satisfactory to those of lesser dimensions who were tossed.

It has been recorded that it was commonly looked upon as fun, and no doubt it commonly was. I doubt though whether Sancho found it so when tossed in the Inn yard with the Don raging furiously outside the

walls. And to be taken night after night and tossed to bring about the confession of an outrage was at once tyrannical and cruel.

As a winter amusement the Masquerades were charming. Every one, from the Captain to the lowest boy, came out in character. It was a very Saturnalia, in which masters and slaves were on an equality. The Ladies' dresses were made up-town, and in the mode. The Knight made his own armour of steel-painted pasteboard sprinkled with steel filings. The Spanish noble plumed his own hat. The Dragoon was formidable in moustache; and sweeps, muffin-boys, blind-beggars, and rag-sellers made their own costumes, old men had their sticks, and young gallants their wooden swords. Dustmen had sometimes too near an approach to the natural man, like Guardian Briggs in Cecilia;—but in short it was fancy run riot: and the seventy characters, full of quips, fun, and good humour, with altered walk and feigned voices, strove hard to be unrecognised, and for the most part succeeded. They were merry nights; and I thought in my younger days, that if they had only ended with a general spread in character they would have been perfect; but that was the inevitable Lower boy idea, never realised: and they ended, no doubt just as well, with a sound, wearied sleep.

The great attraction through the winter months was the Theatre. It had all the correct properties,—Proscenium with the appropriate motto, "*Hæc olim meminisse*

juvabit;" three rolling scenes of room, country, and street; side corresponding scenes, or wings; and, in fact, a theatre in all its component requisites. It existed all the time I was at Eton, and had existed long before; and in the course of it showed some very good acting of the School for Scandal order, Rivals, Poor Gentleman, and so forth.

In the summer the whole machinery, decorations, &c., were kept up-town at a carpenter's, named Vaughan; and in the winter were stowed away wherever they could be—under beds, behind beds, and in all possible localities, where they would be close at hand when wanted.

A dozen or so of the Lower bedsteads had brackets and sockets, and other accessories let into, and permanently fixed upon them; all neatly adjusted to the several scenes, so that, with the help of a regular man, the whole was set up within half-an-hour,—the open half-hour from eight.

The process was very simple. All the beds below the second fireplace were hauled off and piled up promiscuously in the rear. The bedsteads were then turned up on end by one set of fellows. The scenes and properties were drawn out of their hiding places by another, and laid in order. Everything was marked and numbered, and fell into its place as by magic; and the whole of the space below the second fireplace was completely cut off and separated from the rest in the brief interval recorded.

Of course the whole thing was known to the Authorities. The applause, the brilliant light gleaming through the cranky shutters, would have betrayed it; but it was a perfectly harmless amusement, and something must have

been allowed to seventy boys shut up in their dismal chambers, fifty in one room.

I say nothing of the poor fellows who had to pick out their mattresses, sheets, and blankets from the confused heap of bedclothes afterwards. A blanket in such a case was a blanket; and I am not at all certain whether from the first of those performances I ever afterwards got hold of my right ones. It was bed-making under difficulties. In the meanwhile, the actors held a quiet supper-party in Carter's Chambers: and we were all too glad to be in bed, out of the reach of their wants and ways.

Another winter amusement was that of the Royal Mail. All Collegers, as I have said, were let loose from eight to half-past to go where they liked; and advantage was taken of this to run the Mail. It was kept in Lower Chamber. I don't remember whether it was painted in the orthodox Mail colour, dark red. I have a vague idea that it was a Windsor arm-chair deprived of its legs, and set up on a stand with four wheels. It had lamps, rope, cross-stick harness for eight, with a seat for one. As the clock struck, the horses were put to, the first traveller was seated, and the Mail set out for the mile-stone at Slough, or Slough itself, as it might happen.

The stages and Inns were regularly marked down, and so arranged that every one had his drive and his pull; and so timed, that the last horn was blown at the door of the Lower School passage as the half-hour struck, or as near to it as possible. It was great fun, but wholly confined to the Sixth and Fifth.

For the Lower genus hide-and-seek with a dark lantern

Legend of the Pig. 59

in the Playing Fields, or throwing and catching fire-balls dipped in spirits of wine, consumed the half-hour very rapidly, and sent us panting into prayers and absence in the Lower School, preparatory to being locked-up for good till the morrow.

The Long, like all great Institutions, had its Legends. The principal one took a prosaic form. It was that, in some former time, the Sixth kept a Pig, or continuous Pig on the leads, and indulged in pork home-fed and home-roasted in the Long. Anything more absurd and nonsensical could scarcely be fitted to the locality. The massive lock on the heavy oak door leading to the leads, and the door on the leads as well, must have been forced and kept open with the certainty of an early discovery, to say nothing of the feeding, tending, and final immolation, scalding, &c.

The stairs leading from the outward door to the leads would of course be the easiest and readiest way ; and the Legend formerly was invariably consistent and simple on that head. But I see a later and wilder Legend makes use of a sort of sliding or moveable panel, and hauls up the Pig by rope and pulley within the well of the winding staircase.

To be sure, the event was fixed in a certain dimness of distance ; but was implicitly believed by all Lower boydom, and with ill-concealed thoughts of the degeneracy of modern days, which could not boast of a Pig on the leads.

The Legend, if I mistake not, has marched since then, and, like fame and other things, has acquired strength in the process. Its latter form has grown into a *Sow and Farrow*; and so, under a different point of view has distantly approached another celebrated Legend within the Chinese border.

It would be difficult to set forth that form of the Legend in suitable prose; and it is a great gain that the chief Poet of our age has celebrated it in fitting verse, —credulous in idea, though great in rhythm.

But verse from the earliest times has had the free licence to be far from exactly logical.

It is known to all livers in the country, that the Mother's voice is a contralto of great steadiness, though of contracted scale; but it is also well known that the vocal powers of her offspring are great in early youth, and that they reach C in Alt with ease; and, if hungry, practise on that scale until satisfied.

There is a passage from the leads which descends to the floor of Keate's Chambers, and which was open at all times to Cartland, Keate's sharp-eared and watchful servant, and who knew and told him everything that was going on in College. Of that we had frequent specimens. It is difficult to suppose that the C's in Alt scampering all day over the leads would not reach his faithful ears, and events would follow. Same, if in sty.

Later invention peopled the leads with broods of poultry, approached from Carter's Chambers. I know of no power which would prevent Chanticleer from proclaiming the dawn; and surely Keate in his continual

A Legend of Deer. 61

progresses in the Cloister must sometimes have heard his loving voice in honour of his ladies even in the day time.

It is almost a pity to destroy these harmless Legends. We have already lost Peeping Tom, Guillaume Tell, the Glass Slipper, with others; and lately, most sad of all, Judge Gascoigne and Prince Henry. But there is consolation left, since all these survive with the multitude, and only vex the souls of Antiquaries; and so the Sow and Farrow, and all the rest of it, may still hold their places in good company.

A more audacious Legend laid its foundation among the deer of Windsor Little Park. Like the former, though wanting in substance, it was abounding in belief; and was listened to and discussed in our way with intense interest by some half-dozen youngsters, sitting on the broad wooden edge of the box bedsteads, undressed, half-dressed, or lying on the horsecloth counterpane. The narrator would probably be raised breast-high on his bolster in bed.

Once upon a time some Sixths—all Legends were attributed to the Sixths; as Pasquin has it, "*Semper sub Sextis*," only the "*perdita Roma fuit*" would scarcely come in—some Sixths determined to have a deer out of the Little Park; and so they took their guns, and went one after-four in a boat through the Needles and up Barge-stream, and landed opposite the Floodgates. The watching, the anxiety, the look up and down the road,

the fortunate shot, and the return, and the smuggling into College, were all historically related as if by eye-witnesses, with Variorum Notes under different editors and narrators.

And then, thoughts and suggestions were made how the deer was dressed; whether it would have been roasted whole at the Upper fireplace, or at both in two parts; and whether "the skin" was sent up to Windsor to be dried and made into a rug; but that would be the suggestion of a very small boy. The end usually was, that one and all wished they had been servitors at that feast.

The Legend had its effect. It fired the imagination; it provoked rivalry. There was something grand in the roasting of buck or doe at the Upper fireplace; and so, from frequent relation, ambition entered the head of a Fifth named Hughes. It was pro'd and con'd in petty conclave on Fifth form bedstead; and not to delay, a plan was formed.

A boat containing three was to pull from the Wharf below Sheep's Bridge—which no longer exists—on the Legend route to the Floodgates in the dusk of an autumn evening; and a watch through the bars was to be set, until stag, doe, or fawn came within the reach of Seager's guns.

Seager let out guns, nominally at a shilling an hour, but Seager was Fortune's favourite if he got them back on the second day. Rifles were rare, and so slugs were to be the medium between Windsor Little Park and the Upper fireplace.

True Story of a Swan. 63

The Little Park' answers to its name. It contained, though, one—I rather think two keepers' lodges—forming a protection, not only to the deer and other game, but also a sort of Castle police on that side. The report of a gun—not to say of three—would have brought at once a perfect constabulary force on the scene of the report. How the sportsmen were to pull down the dead water and up stream to the Wharf unseen—fern seed not being plentiful in College—I, for one, could never understand.

I think the field was reconnoitred, gunless; and happily for the Legend-founders, difficulties were presented to the eye, and the enterprise, like many other College bedside heroisms, fell to the ground.

The whole thing was an absurdity, and scarcely worth the while to mention, except that an equally atrocious deed was actually accomplished in my time; and as it took place seventy years ago, and all the actors have passed away, I record it, because it is true, and because it never can happen again.

The river then, as now, was graced by swans, as I saw some year ago, in the same locality between Black Pots and Datchet, though there is no longer the toll bridge to mark the latter with its Lodge—Lodge with its bread and cheese, sweetest of luncheons in the midst of a pull to the Bells.

In 1821, one afternoon in a late autumn day, a tub skiff of the time, with two Sixths and a Fifth on board, and their guns, floated slowly down stream. Three swans were on the water, nearly opposite a Fishing

Lodge, called Badajoz, since pulled down. The poor things were very tame, and used to swim up closely to the boats that passed by, and pick up biscuit or any thing that was thrown to them. They did so on this evening. They were freely fed. Their graceful heads almost approached the boat, when two guns were simultaneously fired into them. They drooped in death without a struggle. I believe the second death was an error. It was so stated by the actors at the time; but whether or not, two were mercilessly massacred. They were hauled into the boat, concealed somewhere at the top of Perch-hole, and smuggled into College in the licensed half-hour at eight o'clock.

They were roasted before the wood fire in Carter's Chamber on two consecutive nights for supper, and morsels found their way to friends in the Long. It was coarse food, and coarsely dressed; and I am glad to say that the whole matter was repulsive, not only to the actors afterwards, but to all who were cognisant of it at the time. It was a vile act, and dangerous as vile; but if any stir was made on the disappearance of the birds, it never reached our ears.

It had, though, shortly afterwards its ludicrous side. One of the three had fashionable sisters, and swansdown tippets and other like gear were in request among the fashionable dames; and one of the three managed, with considerable diplomacy and persuasion, to secure all the swansdown for himself and his sisters. Instead of stripping the birds, the three cooks plucked them as they would have plucked geese. The down was carefully

smoothened, and laid, and packed, and taken home in the Christmas holidays as a great prize.

What the sisters said was never divulged; we could never learn; it was a sore subject; but if they were *participes criminis*, it was in intention only.

There were two things peculiar to the Long, and too expressive of the age to be wholly unrecorded. The former is of fights; the latter of feasting. The Oppidans had their disagreements out in the Playing Fields. Collegers never. Whenever a serious difference of opinion arose, one of the parties went up to the Captain, and asked permission to do battle after lock-up; a permission which was always granted with the alacrity of a "fighting Fitzgerald." And so, soon after nine, a large ring was formed below the second fireplace, and nearly every one brought his candle, and stood on the bedsteads, leaving a large open space for the combatants and their seconds.

There were very few fights in my years, considering all things—sharp while they lasted; but we were all so well known to each other that after a fair number of rounds, if at all on an equality, friends interposed, and without any exception that I can remember, not a trace of ill-will existed afterwards, and for the most part they became friends.

The other was called "Drinkings-in," and took place on this wise. The Captain in Cricket and Football seasons was authorised to gather from Tutors and Dames a shilling from every one in the School, on the plea of

paying all expenses incident to the Upper Clubs in those games. Five hundred and twenty subscriptions amounted to twenty-six pounds. The bats and balls, rolling, and other expenses of the Cricket Club amounted to less than ten, and considerably less in the Football season.

What was to be done with the balances? Each was devoted to a "Drinkings-in." When that law was framed is not on record, nor by what plebiscite. Nor could the writer fully understand why the Collegers, who had paid three pounds ten to the Oppidans' twenty-two pound ten, should have all the advantage of the overplus. There seemed a shade of anomaly about it. No doubt it was right; but the thought somehow rises that they wanted a Champion to stand up for their rights—only it was unfortunately two generations of men before any generation of Agitators arose. Until the writer left it was in full swing.

The Feasts began with a first-rate Christopher dinner after four to the Sixth. Wine in abundance; heady port, Madeira, claret, and champagne. Sherry was scarcely known as a common wine eighty years ago. The Prince Regent, when a guest of Sir Wm. Curtis at Ramsgate, called for Sherry. There was none, and the host was horrified. From that day, though, Madeira was dethroned and Sherry reigned. Sixth form at the end of the repast for the most part—muzzy.

Supper was laid as usual—not eaten—no wish for it; but about half-past ten tables were set out in the Long opposite the upper fireplace; chairs placed; wine glasses of largest size ranged, and the victims sat down to a long

succession of fiery twelve shilling bowls of Bishop,—black strap port, highly spiced, with a roasted lemon floating in the midst. Not a solitary biscuit on the table. They began songs and choruses in semblance of being merry.

After two or three bowls or so, wild nonsense came forth from a few ; incipient nausea from others ; a few partially kept their heads, after a fashion, by surreptitiously lowering glasses to the servitors on the bedsteads waiting upon them ; but the bowls went on. Some slyly split half a glass under their chairs. But enough of description. In the end the inevitable occurred, and the Lower boy servitors, half tipsy themselves, had trouble and difficulty enough to get their thoroughly tipsy Masters to bed. The whole thing was coarse,—a very orgie. In after years it was happily abolished by the Authorities. I believe some sort of *esclandre* occurred,—which led to explanations with the boys,—and so it ceased. It ought never to have been permitted ; as of course it was fully known to Keate and every other Master when it took place.

Before leaving the Long I must mention a gigantic fraud practised annually and cruelly on Londoners and country cousins. As Election-tide, at the end of July, was always honoured with a great influx of visitors, and as the Long's daily garb and general appearance was neither inviting of itself, nor to the credit of the Authorities, it had to put on holiday gear. And as the floor had never been washed or scrubbed from time immemorial, according to common eyesight, it was thought right as a

beginning to polish it up ; partly for polish ; partly for fun.

A ready muster was made after lock-up, and one of the worsted bed-rugs or counterpanes of the Lower boys was stript off his bed, and made by his or other blankets and bolsters into the form of a Lapland sledge. Ropes and cross-bars were affixed, and some six or eight horses attached. A seventh or ninth stept into the sledge, and was rapidly drawn up and down the whole length. The next took it in turn, and the fun went on for an hour or two under the name of rug-riding. This was continued every night for about a week previous to Election Saturday; and in the end, the whole floor became like a mirror or sea of glass, to the admiration of the country cousins, who wondered how the boys could keep it so nice and bright.

But the visitor-eye was rapidly directed from the floor to the beds and bedsteads ; for upon each was draped a full, superfine, green cloth coverlet edged with gold-tinted braid, and with a circle of the same hue in the middle impressed with the College arms. Little guessed the visitors what was under it ! As the eye glanced admiringly along the double row of beds, it formed a really pretty sight—food for exclamation.

But the crowning glory was in the boughs. Waggon loads of beech and holm oak from the College woods were pitched into the Long, cut into lengths, and were piled up all along the walls, and over the bed-heads, concealing the walls and putting the poor rats over the fireplaces into eclipse ; a leafy tent, a tabernacle ; dusty and spidery in itself, but a refreshing finish to the other adornments,

The Captain's Study. 69

to the eye. It is to be hoped that the visitors did not cast stray thoughts to the fifty who had to sleep for three nights beneath them. It might have jarred.

But there was yet another pleasing sight. It was the Captain's Study,—a completion of the fraud. It was a nice Study with two windows, and with a bookcase, which enriched one of the walls,—graced in ordinary times with a fine copy of Maltby's Thesaurus,—a Thesaurus used as well for all odd doings in College, year after year, with some old books, which successive Captains did not like to destroy, but which only cumbered the shelves; with the Captain's own books, of which we say nothing in disparagement, and probably a pair or two of boxing gloves and some singlesticks and guards,—the age of universal cedar cigar-boxes had not then dawned.

But at the present festive time Pote's gayest shelf of leave-books could not have been brighter; for friendly embargo had been laid on every Oppidan or Collegger who was known to have any smart-looking books. The result was simply dazzling; and the remarks upon the Captain's taste, deep reading, and knowledge by the Visitors were most encouraging.

The Long, as has been seen, had various local aspects; but there is one which might have carried it into world-wide fame. It had the honour of seeing the first invention of the rolling or rink skate.

At the end of a phenomenal hard winter—I think 1820—which lasted to the end of February, a Sixth, named Battiscombe, loth as we all were to give up our skating, thought of a skate on small iron wheels, drew a

plan, and had a pair made up Eton. They so far answered, that he could skate up and down with them; but the friction was so great, that the labour surpassed the pleasure.

He had grasped a great idea, too great for his comprehension. The notion though was sound, and the inventor by thought, a little more mechanical genius, and patience might have brought it near its present perfection, and a fortune might have been made,—perhaps.

The passage from the Lower to the Upper School was an era in a young life. You passed from gentle ways into the hardest form in the School—the Fourth. The books were hard, the exercises were abruptly hard, and heavily tried the mettle of a young Colleger in the face of all the obstacles and difficulties in the way of his every day life,—a few of which have been noted.

The Fourth is, or was, the true foundation of the higher forms; and to pass through it creditably was a sort of earnest of after success. But a considerable portion in the succession of Fourths did not see it. They were wanting in ambition, or were rank idle, or incapable. Nevertheless, the three divisions had to be gone through, and the Fourth Masters were notorious for strictness. Perhaps the three deficiencies stimulated it. At any rate, they were invariably strict; and a wildly stammering sentence, or inconsequential construction became a sure introduction to the Library. The Fourth indeed was always the great source of supply to that seat of learning.

Windsor Fair, amongst other things, should not be forgotten, were it only for its concomitant display in Bachelor's Acre. A poor affair, but very decorous. It was chiefly composed of a line of booths from the Town Hall to Castle-yard on one side—the fashionable side, and some scattered booths of a second class on the other, leading towards the Royal Stables. Gingerbread nuts were in the ascendant—a passion of the age in Fair times, set off with gilt figures of the same material as an attraction; amulets in brooches, necklaces, and bracelets formed the staple of the solid merchandise, as in other Fairs. All Windsor and Eton in turn walked solemnly up and down, and made purchases, and trifled with the inevitable nuts. The whole was crowned with a van of wild beasts, and probably with a Giant or a Dwarf.

But the great attraction of the time was Bachelor's Acre. It was a festival for half the School, centred in a Bull-bait. The poor Bull was tethered in a plain. The spectators were ranged on high ground, half amphitheatre-wise, far above all danger of his wildest bursts, if untethered. It was *pace* Seville and Paris the most brutal exhibition that bulldog owners could elaborate out of their peculiar idiosyncrasy.

A dog was let loose; he caught the bull's lip, or he was tossed. In the one he was jerked backwards and forwards in the air until he could hold on no longer, and was thrown into the ring of the sportsmen. In the other he was pitched up high in the air, with perhaps ribs broken or pierced. No matter which; some bets were lost and won, and another dog was set on with some five

or ten minutes' delay. And so the sport went on until the sun was nearly down; the bull was then killed, roasted whole, and a merry feast was held on the field, lasting far into the morning, amid the most sottish, coarse, and drunken revelry.

There was also a Pig Fair held in Eton on Ash Wednesday. It was a very vexatious day—abnormal—and so foreign to the genius of the place in every way, that one wonders how it could ever have had a beginning by Statute, or how it could have been suffered to exist so long. Lower boydom, though, as usual, had its Legend.

It ran, that formerly the big fellows used to attack the pigs and their sellers, and cut off all the tails of the pigs, and brandish them about in triumph; and very likely the end came with a fight of tails. No doubt there was always a strong and natural feeling against the poor pigs, for not only were they disagreeable in themselves, and unpleasant in their keepers, but they imposed on us a School at ten in addition to our regular School at eleven, to keep us, as supposed, out of mischief; they cut us out of our proper breakfast hour, interfering with the order of things and gave us an additional Chapel.

Very likely in ruder times there were, or might have been, collisions between the Students and the Fair-men and hence the Legend. But in my years I never saw or heard the very slightest approach to collision; though during my last three years I had a room at Hatton's, closely in front of the Fair. There were at that time three Tutors and three Dames, who sent forth their boarders through the very midst of the Fair, on their way to ten

o'clock School, in full view of my room. Still, I never saw a hand raised or a single poor beast molested.

There might have been some passing words of chaff. I do not know. I never heard any. But as to anything else, it would simply have been held as *infra dig.* and *contra bonas mores.* The sellers were partly small farmers and partly cottagers—inoffensive men. They came to an annual market conveniently within their reach, and thought more of selling their pigs than of coming within the wind of Eton nobility; and so they were let alone.

The whole was over and the place cleared before we came out of Chapel. We bore our extra School with dignity, though we did not like it all the same. I do not know what might have been done since in the great enlargement of the School; enough at any rate to have caused its abolition.

I have said nothing yet of the Oppidans; and considering that in my time they were as eight to one nearly—they may command an *amende.* It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast than that of two boys,—cousins say,—of the same age, who went, one, as I went, into College, the other into a Tutor's or Dame's house. From the first the Oppidan would be treated kindly, and as a gentleman's son. He would share a clean, tidy room with some one of his own standing; not over adorned, it is true—sanded floor, no window-blinds or curtains as a rule, but with table, chairs, bureau, press bedstead, and towel-covered wash-hand-

stand ; so that in the daytime it was to all intents and purposes a sitting-room. It would be cleaned and swept, and breakfast be laid by the Dame's maid while he was in eight o'clock School ; and he might sit down to it as comfortably, in its way, as he would at home. The writer had nearly four months' experience of it, which did not improve the change into his College life, when at the same Dame's he ate his rolls and drank his tin of milk in the kitchen, or on the outside bricks. The contrast was somewhat violent.

He would be attached to a Fifth or Sixth Master, of course ; and his master might be good-natured or a bully, —rarely the latter ; but he would be even then in a certain degree under the protection of the head of the house. There was nothing in an Oppidan's house like continued or systematic severity or bullying.

Protection in that, and in other things as well. Little boys, even at Dame's, were sometimes rather grubby ; and Towneley, head of my Dame's—after, I fear, a very brief interval—made me go up every morning to his breakfast table to show my hands—nails included—hair and face.

Many years after, when he was Member for some division of Cambridgeshire, I recalled it to his memory. He laughed, and said it was clearly solely owing to himself that I was so tidy then. I dare say it was.

The fagging was almost nominal. It was all light and airy ; not to be compared in any possible sort of way with the Collegers's. He might have to run in the morning to shops for breakfast dainties, perhaps brush a coat, toast many muffins on a small fork in winter's

teas, and other things of that sort ; but without any strain or hindrance to his work, and very little to his comfort. He breakfasted in peace, dined in comfort, supped wholesomely, and had the rest of the evening to do what he liked in his room till the curfew-maid came and took away his candle.

He of course, like the Collegger, was open to stopping balls behind the wicket for the cricketers, and liable to search for May flies in their caddis state for the fisherman, and if the fish did not take kindly to the caddis, the watching the rod a whole after-twelve might occasionally become wearisome. But the caddis also fell to the lot of the Collegger ; and a very worthy master, and worthy gentleman in after life, from too great devotion to the caddis, gained and retained for many years that absolute pronomen whenever spoken of. But that assignment of pronomen used to be a sort of peculiarity of Eton, and was sometimes disagreeable.

It ranged too sometimes to outsiders. There was always to be found near Windsor Bridge a bevy of cads, half-poachers, half-anything, who preyed a good deal on the sporting portion of Eton boys. Cannon, the prize fighter, was one of them in my time.

When Pea-green Horne (the name is fictitious) married an actress of world-wide fame under peculiar circumstances, there was a great talk of the match, and Horne's name was in every one's mouth. Among other mouths, it was in that of a great burly cad, water-man and badger-baiting hanger-on, Jem Millar, who knew the name, but could not recollect the exact person. And so he asked

one of the boys, his patron in these arts: "Who's this Horne that everyone is talking about?" "Why, Jem, don't you remember him? he's often been out with you: he was at Shury's." "Oh! you mean Liar Horne. That's him, is it?"

Another candidate for a pronomen was a certain Charley Pass, who came down daily to the wall opposite the Gateway with a large tin machine full of pies in tiers, and kept warm by a charcoal brazier underneath. His endless invitation used to be,—“Ham and veal; mutton, eel.” Collegers of the Fourth passing would constantly add, “and dog,—please give me a dog.” The man's rage used to be awful,—all the more that he could not leave his goods. But to return.

He, the Oppidan, might also have to go to Hatton's in the zenith of a sunny after-twelve for a strawberry cream and a lemon water ice, and take them in their green tin to the Upper Shooting Fields; and he might have secret ideas of a more pleasant employment, and say hard things of his master,—but all this was nothing like scrubbing week-old, clothless supper tables, and carrying them down from the Long to Poet's Walk on your back, and bringing them to the Long again. I never heard even of mothers complaining of an Oppidan Lower boy's fagging.

When he reached the Fifth, or the middle age of Eton life, he would have a room to himself—carpeted, curtained, and fairly furnished, with a few pet pictures from the Windsor picture shops on the wall, and his father's house over the mantelpiece. A room far more comfortable than his first Chambers in the Temple, or the first lodg-

ing in his Curacy. An enviable life, with few distractions and abundance of leisure. Somewhat of a lazy life, it is true, if he so chose to make it. Nothing in the world but Greek and Latin for school work ; not a sum, French verb, or a page of English in any way, except some thirty lines translated somewhere from Livy in the rare "regular weeks," which were given up, but never looked over, either by Tutor, or in school.

If inclined to be thoroughly idle, he could be idle, under a little management, without discredit. If inclined to work in other directions, the very easiness of his mere lessons gave an ample opportunity.

The seclusion of his room was of incalculable benefit to him in every way. He was free from interruption, and might lay out a course of reading if he so willed—and as many did—wholly independent of school work. If ambitious of public speaking in after life, he might get up his Pitt and Fox, and his Warren Hastings, and his Begum and others ; or he might con speeches for the "Literati" at Hatton's, which had been founded only a few years before by Charles, eldest son of Lord John Townshend—known in these latter days as "Pop."

It was founded, and only known by the name of "Literati" in my time. "Docti sumus" in the IX. Satire was always construed, "We are of the Literati ;" and Keate, in a good-humored way, used to pass it with a laugh, and said, "Yes ; well," as if Hatton's were an *Academi nemus sacrum*, and Horace's troublesome fellow a member.

It was a good school for born speakers, and a valuable

one for those who were obliged to seek for words in the midst of ideas, or ideas in the midst of words ; for there was no great party spirit,—though of course, some ;—and they would be in the midst of friends. I have known, I might almost say, many who, like Sheridan, determined to have it out of them, and who *did* have it out through weekly practice and a sympathetic audience.

The Debates were not very grand ; but every now and then a star arose and spoke great things, and occasionally we had a former member—now a light in one of the University Unions—who shed his brighter beams on us in our Saturday's Parliament, and led us on to greater things—perhaps I ought to say brighter beams ; but however worded, he did us good, and kept us up to the mark, barring the confusion of metaphor. It was a very legitimate ambition, and brought persons of a similar bias together, though opposed in political or other questions.

The Ruling Powers, though, who authorised the Society, had laid a strict embargo on the subjects of debate, so that no question could be discussed within twenty years of the time. It sometimes rendered the debates a little abstract in character, as for example—“Would Alexander have been victorious if he had turned his arms to the West?” and others of a similar nature ; but, like other laws, it was evaded.

The “Catholic Question” in those years was the burning one, and used to be smuggled in under many a transparent hypothesis ; and many systems, laws, and governments in ancient times seemed to have foreshadowed

“Emancipation” in a very remarkable degree,—judging by the debates.

But the Debates were a very suitable and useful introduction to the University Unions, as they in their turn were to the House of Commons.

There is no doubt that many Oppidans made a noble use of their abundant leisure, and laid the earliest foundation of an after career in life, which led to high and even the highest appointments. All honour to them, for it was not without its difficulty.

Books, except what a boy had on his own shelves, there were none. The Library at Pote’s was not established on any useful ground till 1821, when George IV., on the suggestion of Charles Sumner, then Librarian at Carlton House, presented it with its splendid edition of the Variorum Classics. One can scarcely at this time realise its humble, unobtrusive birth.

The College had a fine Library, but it was in no manner available, and as far as the writer ever knew, the books used in school were the common limit of classic reading—altered greatly since, no doubt. The writer has sometimes heard a wonder expressed, that the Authorities did not open their Library to the older and more responsible boys—the Sixth for instance. It may seem a wonder now, when such wide facility is given; but it must be borne in mind, that seventy and eighty years ago, were it from the very limited system alone, there was no spirit, desire, craving, or what you will, for anything above the easy-

going work of the School. It was "Sleepy Hollow" and required a wakening. Where there is no facility, there is usually no inclination; inclination goes into other directions.

This among other things may partially account for so many of our foremost men, Judges, Barristers, and Clergymen, having been first-rate oarsmen at Eton, and afterwards in the University Boat Races. They had all their school work at their fingers' end, there was no facility or means at hand for a broader course, and so they reserved their hard reading to a future time, gaining meanwhile physical strength and a sound constitution as a foundation for it.

The Commonwealth was divided then, as I suppose it is now in its degree, between saps, half idlers, who "did their own," and thorough idlers, who did nothing. The first and last tell their own tale. The intermediate might be, and probably were, good boatmen and cricketers, fair versifiers and themists, readers at their own choice, who took certain pains with themselves, and came out into the world in the popular representation of the "Eton man."

Truth to say, there was not much scope for ambition. There were annual Declamation prizes for the Sixth. But there were no scholarships like the "Newcastle," or any incentive whatever out of the regular routine of school work. The great ambition and crowning glory of the time was to be "sent up for good."

A Master, in looking over the verses in School, lighted upon a set which possessed a little more than ordinary

thought and composition. He sent them up to Keate "for good." Keate had a fair copy made of them, and in the course of the next school-time called the composer up out of his rank. The blushing poet scrambled along his form and the knees of his friends into the open, and with head modestly held down and burning cheeks, mounted the three steps on the side of Keate's desk. Keate glanced down the pages, and then read the verses out sonorously and full, and with the apparent notion that they came near, if they did not equal Ovid and the Elegiacs.

He gave him afterwards a few graceful words of praise; and his Dame gave him a guinea, which his father was, of course, only too glad to pay.

There was really nothing else to try for. No, on consideration, I am scarcely right. All the Forms in both Schools had examinations twice a year, and each gained a step in advance. Suppose B did better than A in examination, then B took his place, and his father paid him a shilling through his Dame. Suppose F took A's place, his father paid him five shillings through his Dame, and so forth. I was wrong, therefore, in my saying.

All that was for the Saps; it was nothing to the idlers, they were out of it, and they sometimes fell into a scrape. Not having serious things to do, time at intervals fell heavy on them. They wanted some fun, something to put life into them, and looked about for it;

and as dinners were not always up to the mark, according to their ideas, they sometimes sought advantage from it, and took to "brozierung" their Dame. I believe it is strictly an Eton term, unknown to other languages—phonetically spelt.

Dames' dinners followed a certain routine ; there were the week's beef day, and the veal day, and the mutton day, with assorted conclusions of rice and other puddings, and tarts in summer seasons, headed by a strict law of chicken or rabbits on a Sunday.

It might occasionally happen, from the distraction of the cook, or too close superintendence of the Dame, that the supply in some respect or other was deficient or unsatisfactory. And it might, in the course of things, happen that the occasions multiplied, and that if the first help was passable—barely passable perhaps in opinion—the second was without contradiction unsatisfactory. The word went round ; a meeting was called, and it was resolved to hold a "brozier." A brozier means eating up every eatable thing on the table, and asking for more with hunger insatiate.

The poor Dame at the head of her table, innocent of the Cabal, and carving with a will, and the cook in the kitchen, resting complacently with her hands on her knees, half dream-like after her exertions, are startled with a cry for more. The maids who wait bend down over the shoulders of the demanders, and whisper : "La ! sir, it's no use sending your plate ; there's no more."

Not a warrior stirs ; every warrior's courage is up.

"We want more, and we 'll wait till we have it." "Well, gentlemen," the flushed Dame replies, with graceful acquiescence, "I will send for steaks and chops, and in the meantime I will send for what there happens to be in my own larder."

Not being an Oppidan, I don't know whether the heroes consume the Dame's dinner, or wait for the steaks; but the tables are bare of food, and the brozier is complete.

What I have written is impartial history, as it more than once has reached me. I have not indulged in side issues, which state, that the Lower boys had, by order, to stuff their pockets with bread and viands of sorts. These issues detract from its grandeur.

It so happened that in my time a brozier was accomplished at one of the Dame's, a Miss Angelo. She was rather fashionable among Dames,—said to have been once favourably noticed by the Regent; sociably known to Tutors: and among them to a very celebrated one, Ben Drury. He heard her "pitiful story." Whether tears did "tremble on his eyelids, ready to fall," I know not; but a manly anger certainly rose in his heart.

The custom of "saying by heart" was on this wise. Everyone had to say about ten lines down to the first full stop, or intelligible break; so that twenty or more boys standing before a Master's desk were able within three or four of their turn to get up their ten glibly, with just a simmering memory of the other sixty.

It was Virgil. An Angelo came up with his glib ten. Ben Drury made no sign at their end. The Angelo

faltered; blundered: stammered. "Put him in the bill; I'll teach you to brozier your Dame."

Quid plura? Every Angelo in that Division underwent the same formula, and was flogged, and soundly flogged too; for it was not the normal five for non-saying, but the abnormal two-rod-ten for insolence and insubordination.

Flogging in that age seemed to be considered rather a pleasant pastime than otherwise, from the ease in which it was incurred. I remember a boy saying longs and shorts to the same Master, Ovid probably. He got through some lines creditably enough, but faltered in a short which ended in "agros." I don't know what the line was. He repeated the first part correctly, but forgot the penultimate dactyl,—he wanted a word like incoluisset,—and thinking hardly to find it, said,—or rather muttered to himself—

"latōs sōmetbīng ōr ōtbēr āgrōs,"—

without any idea of adding to Ovid's knowledge of language, or of being heard. "Put him in the bill," and he was in due time inducted into the Library.

While on that locality, I remember a little incident showing the ease and variety in which the rod might be incurred in the good old time. It was the habitat of the Lower Division of the Fifth, and was at that time under that same Bethel who had an antipathy to scarlet coats.

A big, burly boy, son of a Bishop, who sat on the farther side of the room opposite to him, but with a

wide space of floor between, and who held him not in the highest regard, was in frequent habit of coughing his loudest, and usually with an apparent obstruction in his throat. It was very trying to Bethel, and he more than once spoke sharply about it; but a boy with a cough must cough.

On one occasion, however, the obstruction became seemingly irresistible, and testified itself in the middle of the floor. The opportunity came,—“Præpostor, complain of Majendie for being a beast.”

Fortunately, it was within a few minutes of Keate's presence in the Library, at the end of three o'clock school,—so that the ten, sharp, for impudence were not long upon his mind.

The rod in those days in the minds of some found a parallel in Æsop's “mischievous dog” and brushless “fox.” It was in the spirit of those fables that the following incident arose:—

Keate, like most persons in authority, had his favourites. To his credit, they were mostly,—not to say always,—clever fellows. A clever fellow under him always stood a good chance of blossoming into a favourite. Amongst them was Dornton (name fictitious).

He was fairly up in the Fifth without ever having come under the rod. Why should he? It was, of course, known in College; and after a time began to be talked of at night in bedstead assemblies amongst certain of his contemporaries of the envious sort.

At the head of them was a youthful orator, Bond, who had often been under the Forks himself,—generally

known by the name of Guinea Bond, whether from a "lucus non" I will not venture to intimate. I am not in knowledge of how many séances took place in the discussion of remedial plans; but one at length was matured. Nor do I know by what arts Dornton was inveigled by Bond to accompany him between dinner and Chapel, if I remember aright, to Sheep's Bridge on a quest for eels; lines prepared, if not set before.

Now, there was at that time, as there is at this, the bubbling, rippling drip of a waterfall, fed by Queen Anne's Spring and Chalvey. Below it were some planks, and in the hollow below them a strong suspicion of eels.

It is dangerous to look into motives; but it may safely be said, that Dornton went in for eels, and Bond for time. And the end proved it.

Whether Bond's talk cheated the time, or whether they continually felt the quiver of eel or lamprey, I cannot presume to suggest. All I know is, that what with the eels and the musical flow of the waterfall time slipped by until it became too late for Chapel; and both were down in Keate's black-mem^m. book as an introduction to the Library without books.

"Bond, why were you not in Chapel?" "Please, sir, I was down in the Playing Fields, and didn't hear the bell."

"Down in the Playing Fields!—and didn't hear the bell." Evidently disbelieving him.

"Well, Dornton, and where were you that you didn't hear the bell?" "I was down at Sheep's Bridge, sir, sniggling for eels."

"Well, well; I dare say you were there on a good motive. Bond, you will stay after twelve to-morrow."

And so Bond was soundly flogged, and Dornton passed unscathed into the un-Library shades of Oxford life.

I should be sorry to chronicle Bond's thoughts, often expressed in words; but no doubt they were natural, too. The phrase "good motive" lived amongst us long after the occasion and cause of it had lost mention.

To revert once more to Ben Drury. There are various anecdotes of him. I select one, the truth of which I certify. He gave up his Mastership at Eton and went to live at Guernsey with his family. He took as private pupils some of the head class at Elizabeth College, to prepare and coach them up for the Greek examination prizes.

One day, a Guernsey friend called on him, and found him walking up and down the room with four or five young men sitting around with copies of Sophocles, or one of the tragedians in their hands, but with no book in his. He sent them into the next room. His friend smilingly asked him how he could get on without a book. "Oh! he knew all those things by heart; had not brought over his books," and declined his friend's offer of lending him any. And so he went on, month after month, inoculating them with all the mysteries of philology and the beauties of the chorus, and the *omne scibile* of the three tragedians, from his own head and memory

alone. Most probably—nay, certainly, of Aristophanes as well, as essential to that coaching, for he had as keen a sense of humour as any man living.

It was rather an exceptional memory. The word Dido, with some persons, will bring out half her history ; and it has been dangerous with the old classical scholastic heroes to name Trojan or Greek chief, except under fifty lines of Homeric penalty ; but the whole Greek stage is rare. He might, of course, have made a selection. I know not, and so let the anecdote stand.

Our weeks were divided into regular and irregular ; the proportion of the latter to the former in a general way had a degree of approach to Falstaff's tavern bill. Regular weeks were rare, and had as many school-times crammed into them as the weeks would bear. They had one holiday on Tuesdays, and halves on Thursdays and Saturdays. The irregular had theme, verses, and lyrics, in the matter of exercises, and nothing else, with whole holidays on Saints' Days, and a preparatory eve of a half, with the usual holidays and halves besides.

Whitsun was a great tide. We left work at half-holiday time, twelve on Saturday, and did nothing until we said our ten lines by heart on Wednesday morning. There was a general desire for more of those double Festivals in the Calendar. Occasional Collegiate motives arose for other indulgences. Parents might grumble at the many holidays. We never did.

But the great fund of holidays up to the Peace of Paris

in 1814 was formed from the Peninsular victories. A good and patriotic Gazette brought us a sure holiday, with leave out till ten or half-past to see the illuminations in Windsor; and I am glad to think that we in College set a noble example of illuminative joy. Every window of the Long had two closely allied rows of dips cut in half, whereby light was thrown within, and loyal gladness testified without. And every house in Eton, all up to Windsor Bridge, was profuse in the same mode of illumination by dips.

The great glory though of the night was in Windsor itself. Dips abounded, blended with incidental moulds, but the Inns, the large Shops, the Town Hall, the approaches to the Castle, and the Castle itself, were decorated with innumerable glass cup-lamps of various colours, fashioned into crowns, wreaths, and emblematic devices of much ingenuity, and diversified by transparencies with appropriate mottoes. We should not think highly of such illuminations now, but we knew no better then, and they were honestly viewed with admiration and loyalty.

The last illumination victory in 1814, I suppose, was Soult's defeat at Toulouse; for the rejoicings on the Peace of Paris, when the Emperors and Kings and Blucher and Platoff came over to London, happened in August, during Election holidays; but we had a week joined to them lasting well through September.

And so, we of Eton did not welcome the Emperors and Kings and the rest, and considering what they did in London for them in foolishness, we Fourths and Fifths

were probably saved some foolishness also. London went mad. The poor visitors were followed, crowded, mobbed, almost hustled wherever they went, in the exuberance of London welcome. The Kings' and Emperors' hands were, I suppose, secure; but Blucher's hands and the rest were seldom out of other persons—chiefly, it used to be said, of ladies. To be sure, London had then only one million instead of four, and the reign of roughs had not been inaugurated. The Emperors and Kings could pass along without real molestation, chiefly the molestation of curiosity, to see such sights as London then afforded.

Among them was St Paul's; and a saying of Marshal Blucher, who, it should be remembered, was the favourite above all the visitors, was much spoken of—scarcely applauded. As he looked around on the glorious prospect over London and its suburbs from the highest gallery, his eyes brightened, his chest heaved, his spirit was stirred within him, and broke forth with the irrepressible ejaculation, "Mein Gott! what a city to sack!" He probably had Tilly in his mind.

It was not much of a city, though, for the reception of such a host of illustrious personages. Carlton House, with its frontage of meaningless pillars, still stood, the solitary habitable royal residence. Buckingham House, since converted into the Palace, was a mean, dingy, red-brick building belonging to the Queen. St James' was, as it still is, merely a Palace for Court ceremonies.

The finest Hotel was the Pulteney in Piccadilly. It still exists, and was made available, as it had a semi-

circular balcony, whence the Emperors and Kings could show themselves to the admiring crowds below, and so they were installed there. No one can well stand before it now with that recollection in his mind without a smile, to think that it was the grandest *hospitium* that London and the Regent could offer to the Emperors and Kings in 1814.

But a *fête*, which was to be the *fête* of the people *par excellence*, and the glory of the time, was set forth in the lower part of the Green Park. To observers by day it was a large octagon kind of fortress, battlements and all, rising into a central tower of considerable height. It was of the darkest canvas, deftly painted to look as much like stone walls and buttresses as art could make it. The enquiring public walked daily round and round it with eager minds, but with little substance to fill them. It was not to remain as it was, that was clear.

What was it? What could it be? No one knew; it was a State secret. It was the conundrum of London. When saturated with the hopelessness of that enigma, the public crossed the Mall into the enclosure of St James' Park, and saw what it could understand, a gigantic Pagoda on a wooden bridge over the canal in the most weird and foreign consummation of the Regent's foreign taste, laden with bells and lamps from foundation to summit.

It stood the fire of the celebration night, but was happily burnt down some few years after.

But to the Fortress. At length the great day came. I suppose, without exaggeration, that towards evening

nearly all London, except aged women and children, were crammed together in the Green Park and its approaches, as only Londoners can cram; all the house tops and windows within sight of it were filled with eager eyes and glasses, patiently awaiting the night fall.

At length, about nine o'clock, amidst a dense volume of smoke from fire-arms and other artificial means, the walls with their framework were let down, or roped, and pulled aside, and the most glorious, superb Temple that imagination can conceive stood forth! It was illuminated with twenty thousand coloured lamps or more, throwing various hues of light over the upraised countenances of the assembled multitude, with a splendid lamp inscription,—"The Temple of Concord." The mystery was solved. War emblematised by the Fortress; Peace and its blessings by the Temple. Fireworks issued forth, grand and continuous, the very triumph of the art at that period, until the sight was satiated and dim.

Alas! for the Concord! The *fêtes* were scarcely well over before Napoleon was cultivating violets at Elba for *his* Exhibition in the following Spring!

Eton was not represented at these *fêtes*, though she had part in them. She had not to build a Temple of Concord, but she had gained a far more solid thing—her week's extra holidays. She was the only Power who had no reason to wish the *fêtes* otherwise.

She took her proper stand though in loyal rejoicings the next year, crowned, as a thing of course, by another week's extra holidays. We knew, as all the world knew, that a great and probably decisive battle was to be

fought, and that every available regiment had been sent abroad to engage in it; and there was an irrepressible restlessness and anxiety among those in the upper Forms who had relations in that army, and who realised the risk, the more so from the transient Peace.

The eighteenth of June came, and Waterloo was won.

We first learned it from a Courier to the Castle, who spread it in few and flying words in every place he passed through—Brentford, Hounslow, Colnbrook, Slough, and now Eton. If London went mad on the *fêtes* the year before, Eton did its best to rival it. Hats flew up with other natural and consistent means of testifying joy and triumph. It could not be otherwise, for we were the most loyal community in the kingdom. Whole holidays followed in abundance, from the nature of the case, and from special requests in high quarters; and if crape and mourning appeared in all parts of the School in an unusual way, I do not think it altogether had the sympathy of ordinary mourning. I write this from reflection, not as an analyser at the time. But the names of the fallen were well known; and there was a sort of feeling, akin to the feeling of ancient times, when men were borne from the field of battle on their shields.

I don't remember that the College, in testimony of its sympathy with the general joy, gave us the half-chicken on pressed greens. I rather wonder at it.

In a short time the Guards and Blues came back to their respective Barracks in Windsor, and a good half of our Eton were around the gates to welcome and cheer them; and very soon after Privates in both Services

strolled down and talked with us sitting on the Long Walk wall, and fought their battles over again to our insatiable interest.

And, young as some of us were, we were fired up at the graphic accounts of the continued sieges of Hougoumont; the terrible slaughter and loss of La Haye Sainte; the cavalry attacks on the hollow squares; the glorious combat of Shaw the Life-Guardsman with the three or four Cuirassiers; and, above all, what they had to tell over and over again, the Prussian balls at last dropping one by one on the road across Napoleon from Planchenoët.

It always ended with the last charge—ornamented even at that early day with the myth of “Up Guards, and at ’em.” They might not be told with eloquence or dramatic effect—told simply; but I will answer for it that we never forgot them.

Nor should I omit a verse—the only one I recollect, and that probably from its unexpected classic close, of a poem on Waterloo, which was written by a private in the Lancers, servant to an officer in the regiment—Grove—who gave a copy of it to his son, a young Colleger.

Sir William Ponsonby was unhorsed in a celebrated lancer charge, thrice ridden over in advance and retreat, riddled by lances, and supposed to be dead; but, contrary to all hope, he had in the end a marvellous recovery.

The poet, after recording the fate of many heroes, says—

“Likewise, that General Ponsonby,
Which grieved my heart full sore ;
I saw him lie,
As I passed by
Like Pompey in his gore.”

Scarcely worth recording after all.

The illuminations were on the same loyal scale as those of the preceding year, and we had the same licence to see them.

In a few weeks a magnificent dinner was given to all the soldiers, horse and foot, in Windsor Long Walk. Tables were laid under the trees in continuous rows. I am uncertain whether any other soldiers were draughted in ; improbable, though the tables stretched up to a great distance, with intervals between. As may be supposed, all Windsor, and all the surrounding gentry were present, and so was every Eton boy. It was a splendid day, and a glorious sight—enough to make the heart warm, considering that every one of the guests had been through the fiercest baptism of fire of the age.

Towards the end of the feast the hilarity broke out into energetic melody, which, taken up table after table by some hundreds of deep-chested voices, had a great effect, simple as were the words—

“So along with Duke Wellington, Duke Wellington, we ’ll go-o-o,
So along with Duke Wellington, that valiant hero.”

It consisted only of two lines, but its repetition gave it the length and dignity of a song.

We had, though, shortly after, a sight of far greater interest than the song and feast—the sight of the hero himself. When I first saw him, he had jumped upon, and was running along the Long Walk wall, followed by his two young sons and a bevy of young noblemen and gentlemen's sons whose fathers he knew. He was dressed in top hat, coloured tie, brown cut-away coat, and top-boots, and went on or stood laughing, chattering to the boys, and the boys laughing and chattering back, until he jumped down in the midst of them—the veriest boy of them all.

The solemn Historian, of course, could scarcely believe it; and how he managed to escape the Provost and Head in their robes, and persuade them to be contented with an informal visit, I have never been thoroughly able to understand—seeing what he was to the English world at that time. But so it was; and then he hurried off in the midst of all his boys to his old Dame's or Dominie Raguenau, not to call upon the old gentleman, but to run to the kitchen door, where in his youthful days he had cut his name or initials, and he had a great desire to see that effort of youthful talent.

He stayed in Eton about an hour, and went back to Windsor. But there was no fuss made about him by the Authorities. His tastes were always simple; he probably had enough of that in the greater world, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed his Long Walk wall.

During the first six or seven years of my Eton life the



THE SCHOOL YARD.

Oppidans and Collegers were of two distinct and unsociable communities ; and that was only the continuation of a former state of schism through untold generations. One reason, perhaps, for this may be found in the constitution of the two bodies. The Collegers, from being divided into years, passed on in slow, compact order, with comparatively very few changes, from the Lower School to the time of superannuation at twenty. They were thoroughly known to each other through all those years in every way, and were welded and held together in a kind of social unit.

The Oppidans, on the contrary, were in a perpetual state of change and dislocation,—some staying a year or two to qualify as Etonians, others until some appointment should fall in from the interest of their relations. And thus it happened, that the two bodies looked on each other askant. The Collegers looked on the Oppidans, broadly, in the light of conceited muffs. The Oppidans saw in the Collegers an inferior race—fed on mutton.

The Common name for a Colleger, in consequence, was Tug-mutton, or, with the thoughtful English fashion of abbreviating everything, Tug. It would have been rather serious if a Fifth Oppidan had applied the term to any Fifth Colleger—for they were not a patient race. But the Lower boy Oppidans were continually calling it after the Lower boy Collegers, an amusement which often necessitated a sound thrashing of the former. It was caste antipathy.

Hence, in the Cricket or Football matches of Collegers

and Oppidans, there was imparted a certain degree of acrimonious spirit which kept them still farther asunder ; and the more so, that the former, from their compactness and knowledge of each other's play, were year after year in the majority of matches victorious.

So things remained until somewhere about 1818, when a more generous spirit gradually arose on both sides. Of course there had been individual isolated friendships. I remember a splendid breakfast given in the Long in my early days to about sixteen Oppidans by a Sixth,—Hollid Cox,—a good actor and singer, at which only one Collegger was present to sit at the head of the table ; but what I have stated was the general tone of the two sections.

It is hazardous to say what first broke through this bar ; partly, perhaps, from the gradual rise of mutual respect, partly from families in the two camps "known at home,"—one brother in College, one at a Dame's or Tutor's. Another, that many rich families and good families, country gentlemen and others, sent their sons into College, and so gave a higher tone to it in the Oppidan mind.

In the former isolation, and, indeed, within a year of the better understanding, neither knew each other, except in the most superficial way,—sitting next to each other at school, and so on. As it has been said, the mass of Colleggers took upon themselves to pronounce opinions on the Oppidans, and both parties were very likely surprised to find that there was a general resemblance between them ; the one, to find that the Colleggers were not all barbarians, and the other, that there were really many

good fellows among the Oppidans. They began, too, to find that there was a degree of similarity in their tastes; they could converse with each other on common topics; and that it was not altogether a degradation to walk up town with a Colleger, or to be seen speaking to him on Band days on the Terrace.

At all events, when once the re-approachment was generated, many causes contributed to strengthen it. Among the foremost may be classed the Theatrical Mania.

A clever boy, Crawford, wild for the foot-lights, struck out the idea of hiring a large barn-like outhouse in Datchet Lane, Windsor, and fitting it up as a Theatre of that ilk. He was well supported by his friends, and a perfect theatre in miniature rose under his hands, with seats for some hundred and more spectators. He was intimate with some few Collegers of his own standing, and knew that our Long Chamber Theatre had two or three very fair actors, and among them, the best of his own time, Moultrie, afterwards Rector of Rugby.

His style, unconsciously, was that of Liston. He had much of his naturalness. Like Garrick, in the eyes of Partridge, he did not act at all. In general situations, you would say, that he could not do otherwise than he did. He seemed to lose all consciousness of an audience before him. If he was in his fun, he had it all to himself, as if he did not wish anyone else to see it. If in pathos, he was absorbed in it; he moved as in thorough isolation. His Corporal Foss in the Poor Gentleman,—no great

character after all, with Henry Nelson Coleridge as Principal,—was a thing to be remembered by boys, as the writer remembers it now, for a lifetime. Good as well in Bombastes; and equal in the Pedant,—a poor copy of Dr. Pangloss in the Agreeable Surprise,—if the writer is not wrong, which he may be.

And so the Datchet Lane Company was a mixed Company; and not only drew actors together, but audiences too, and made them better acquainted with each other, rubbed off prejudices, and made friends. The Company, in its higher parts, had some very good acting. It was so acknowledged by foreign critics. Friends used to come down from London full of Covent Garden and Drury Lane lore, and send critiques to the Manager, which, of course, were widely distributed from hand to hand: fair critiques, which did much good, and brought the Stage up to its mark.

I have spoken of one actor. Crawford was great in the Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Edward Mortimer style: and Hare, son of Lord Ennismore, was equally so in the line which his celebrated namesake has made his own on the London boards. While it lasted, it was an immense resource and amusement, and was wisely unseen by the Authorities.

When or why it ceased, the writer knows not. It was after he had left. Perhaps from inanition; perhaps from contracted views of moral danger in after life. At any rate it ceased, having done no sort of harm, and very patent good during its continuance.

Before it goes into total oblivion, a little thing may be

mentioned which amused us at the time. The theatrical dresses, &c., were in a general way supplied by a Jew or Jewess, Levi, in Eton; and among the attendants or familiars of the stage was Levi's hopeful son. Theatrical days were always on a Saturday after four: and on one occasion,—whether by the side scenes, or in the dressing-room I forget,—but a candle had to be lighted or held. No one was near except the Levian heir; minutes were valuable, and he was told to hold or light it,—I know not which, nor is it material. He threw up his hands: he wouldn't light or hold it on the Sabbath. His mother had told him it was abomination to touch fire on the Sabbath. No, not for King George, and so forth.

The way was lightless; but the process was one of great rapidity by which that youth found his way to the outer door. The moral, I suppose, is, that conscientious scruples are not powerful behind the scenes, at least not at Eton.

Crawford was the cause of a change in another direction,—that of Election speeches. Up to his time, with one solitary exception in the remembrance of the writer, they had been rigidly confined to Latin and Greek,—Cicero, Demosthenes, and Agamemnon's denunciation of Calchas. Ponderous and dull enough they were.

The rehearsals, too, were not well put on the boards. A Sixth had his Philippic, or his Catiline, or his Calchas by heart, and, by appointment, stood before Keate in his Chambers in the open space before his desk. One leg forward and the right arm ready. Keate looked on

Presently, "Quoûsque tandem" was launched forth, or the Philippic, or the anger of the Grecian King. Keate looked on. Presently a right arm was raised to enforce the words. It was passed. Keate looked on. Impunity begat courage, and before the speech was ended, the right arm swayed up and down like the arms of the Semaphore on the roof of the Admiralty in its naval messages to Dover.

I think—but I am not certain—that Keate once told an orator that he might soften his voice at some pathetic period; perhaps it was a Legend. As a rule, the orator's mind was bent on force, not to say invective; and the way in which he would thunder forth "Τέθνηκε Φίλιππος;" would have been quite enough to have raised Philip from his bed of sickness. Such were our Speeches on Election Monday and other days. It is really no exaggeration, or very little.

I have mentioned an exception: it was Henry Coleridge's "Gray's Bard," which he was suffered to speak a year or two before. Crawford appealed to Keate, that he might speak in English; and Keate after a while and much persuasion, knowing, of course, his acting powers, consented. He spoke Swift's poetical anticipation of his own death, and spoke it right well. It made a great impression, and gave the real opening to the German, French, and English, and to all subsequent improvements in Speech-land.

It was a death-blow to the Semaphore; and was little less than emancipation to the serried ranks of ladies between Keate's desk and the semi-circular range of

Dons and visitors springing from the two middle desks. And it must have been a very treat to them after a "quoûsque" and a "tethnèke," to see Crawford, with no statutable forward leg or right arm at preparatory angle, bowing gracefully from side to side as he repeated the witty sayings of the malicious card-players, and gave the Dean's reflections at the end with the half-true, half-ironical expression which the Dean intended. We all felt at the time that it was more than a triumph—it was a Revolution, and an inauguration of better things.

In these years, too, arose the mania for MS. Magazines. The Long produced three in brief succession. Two lingered in an uncertain life for a while, and gave rise to the *College Magazine*, which was healthy and vigorous; so much so, as to have some of its contents printed for friendly circulation. It became at length merged in the *Etonian*. Indeed, three of Moultrie's best specimens of poetry were transferred to it.

The Oppidans had two—one very poor, which struggled and died; the other, of which Praed was editor, and almost sole contributor, was also transfused after a long circulation among friends, into the printed work. All these were passed freely from hand to hand, and had their influence in cementing the alliance.

The *Etonian* had great merit; not the terseness, perhaps, of the *Microcosm*, but the groundwork of it was faulty, and written with a kind of rollicking assumption in very doubtful taste, and with the palpable dis-

advantage of being a long interval imitation of Wilson's "Noctes."

Collegers and Oppidans were equal contributors. It was a national affair, in which the two races were alike interested. There was no jealousy, no rivalry; but amongst the readers, much inter-diplomacy to find out the writers. The correction of proofs, and the whole control of the *Etonian*, was entrusted to a Colleger—Walter Blunt; and in short, whether from one cause or another, or all combined, the barrier was broken down, and good-fellowship succeeded.

Before I have done with the *entente cordiale*, I must speak of a little drama which took place every year in the October half—it was so characteristic of the age. It was hoop time with all below the Fifth form. Every one had a hoop and a stout stick—some two hundred hoops; not the flimsy affairs of Kensington Gardens and suburban hoops, but stout ash laths, bent into the hoop form, with a remnant of bark upon them. You could not go anywhere, not even across the road, without coming upon a hoop.

And so it was, that when hoops began to wear, or the rolling to grow weary, a day was fixed by two leading hoopists of the Collegers and Oppidans for a fight between their several forces at the top of the Long Walk wall, near the Chapel door, some twenty or more on a side. The set time was after four or six on a whole or half holiday, generally on a Saturday. The pen fails me

now ; for it requires the pen of the author of "Hudibras" to recount the combat and its issues. Some twenty on each side advance in military order ; biggish fellows to the front, and to it they go it with a will. Little fellows march in the rear, with secret thoughts of guarded blows at a big fellow's legs, but are soon mixed up in the fray, and give and take with all the strength their little arms are capable of.

I cannot recount what Ralpho had the first aching wrist, or the first smarting head, but they abounded. The Collegers in one way had the best of it ; for they made shields of their gowns round the left arm, like the Highlanders who, in the Jacobite wars, had rushed into action half-armed without their bucklers. The Oppidans had only pluck for their shields. It lasted for a considerable time, or what seemed so, until one side retreated, or both could draw off with honour and much respect, but with doubtful feelings. Not a hoop was seen afterwards for a year.

The odd thing though was, that fought directly opposite one Master's house (Knapp's), and only some twenty or thirty yards from another's (Heath's), not the ghost of an interruption took place during all the years that I was there. There were lookers-on, too, at the wall, and out of the houses. It was regarded as fun, and without a tinge of ill-blood, though fierce and serious in the encounter, and full of wounds and bruises of various sorts. It was a variation from Collegers and Oppidans at cricket or football in that respect—nothing more. It may still survive for aught I know ; but lapsed or surviving, it had a certain singularity about it.

Every half amongst the Lowers had its speciality, drawing in many of the Remove as well. There was the hoop half, portioned off with the marble taw half, distinguished by collections and museums of striated marbles, red and yellow and purest white; and the bandalore portion. In the belief of the writer, the bandalore, dodo-wise, is extinct—but he is not certain.

In the predominance of that last science you might see at all free hours eight or ten young fellows standing on the Long Walk wall, each with a circular polished toy of boxwood in his hand, which ever and anon he launched forth into the air, unravelling ten or more yards of whipcord attached, and which, by a jerk at their end, sent the toy back into the sender's hand. That was the simple art. The great rivalry though was not to receive it, but by a sharp turn of the wrist to send it back, and so continue it for as many turns and returns as the skill of the sender permitted.

Not very dignified games any of them, and I dare say scantily pursued in these enlightened times; but what would you? Nothing else was provided for junior recreation. These or none. Happy, if they could find themselves free to enjoy them. So listless and motiveless was the whole of leisure, or holiday life, that cricket, football, fives, and hockey excepted, there was no one single active pursuit on hand whatever, and every one of those games was so limited, that a very small proportion of the five hundred had the ghost of a chance of entering upon them. And so group after group might be seen strolling up and down Windsor, or towards Frogmore on

Frying-pan Walk, or on the Terrace, or dropping into Layton's the pastry-cook, and summing up all in the local and appropriate word "paving."

The children of the larger growth certainly had their secondary and more dignified amusements and pursuits. Let one of many be recorded. Not very unfrequently a worthy couple—Londoners probably—wandering about with inquiring eyes, would stroll into the school-yard, and make a stand before Henry's statue, regarding it carefully and long. Three or four Uppers might be lazily standing by the Lower School passage. Presently a Lower boy would come forth, and with a polite bow ask, with the Captain's compliments, whether they would like a chair and a Latin Dictionary.

These things are very trifles, but trifles give a character to the Eton life of the time, just as trifles do to life in a more enlarged sphere. Macaulay's third chapter gives clearer notions of the age of which he writes, than a series of his most eloquent political chapters.

The Cricket of those days should not be passed over in silence, for in one respect it was a special art, irrecoverably lost to all appearance for ever. It was the time of underhand bowling, in which the slightest raising of wrist or elbow called for a "no ball." There was fast bowling, sometimes as fast as that of the present throwers; and in the hand of an expert, the pitch was almost certain. A good bowler could pitch his ball within an inch or two of his intention, and regulate it

according to the skill and style of his antagonist ; it was straight and certain, and so there was no necessity for the cumbrous, ungainly leg and other pads and guards, which disfigure the batsmen of our modern days, and draw the thoughts to German students decked out for a duel. We were in the lightest costume, white jean, or other airy jacket, if jacket, and flannel, nankeen, or duck trousers. On match days, silk stockings with a rolled thin cotton sock over the ankles, and coloured silk handkerchief or belt round the waist.

We had two matches every year ; latterly three, after Keate, who ought to have known better, had learned that the boys did not share the expenses of the tent and dinner.

The two regular matches were generally with the Epsom, and the Bullingdon from Oxford ; and it was a pleasure to see the tall, handsome figures of Budd, Ward, or Ladbroke, for instance, come forth from the tent in white kerseymere shorts and silk stockings, with a light sock rolled on the ankles, as much for appearance as for protection. The whole field, on both sides, in light, airy costume, presented a sight fair to look upon, and say what we will, there was a grace, an elegance—though I dislike the word, about the game which has left it. It was the same in first-class matches all over the country, and with good high-class play as well.

It was in these years that the stumps were raised some inches. They were so low that a regular or good ball rose above them. It became at last an acknowledged evil, and they were raised as now, so that a good ball

missed should just lift the bails. It was an admirable move, but destroyed the neat system of cuts, over the low bails, which then were harmless, but now too dangerous for uncertain strokes.

The game as played now is a glorious, hardy, noble game; in point of life and dash it far outstrips the old game. The fielding is far smarter and more equal; the cuts are of a brilliance and sharpness which were rarely seen, scarcely known, and the low ground catches from them usually beyond attempt; it was thought enough to stop them and save a run.

There is though an uncertainty about it, which as a rule did not formerly exist. The greatest modern players are good for a hundred or good for ten. A match may be over in two days, or be little more than half finished. A County's first innings may be upwards of three hundred, and in the return match scarcely exceed one. This is unduly liberal. In three County matches this year (1891), and there may be others equally low—the second innings were respectively 38, 39, 45. We had nothing of that sort in our day. The innings were more balanced. The given reason for the inequality is the uncertain state of the weather, but weather uncertainties are no novelty in the cricket field.

The bowling is neither so true, nor so much under control as under the old style. I, among others, have had in the Playing Fields a professional bowler by the hour bowling, from choice, instead of hour pay, at a single stump with a shilling on it as a bail, renewable as often as dislodged; and in seven, if not eight balls out of ten a

miss would have dislodged it. One could, of course, take liberties in practice, which could not be taken in a game with impunity. The point I make is that of accuracy.

Our elevens did not reach that perfection, or anything like it ; but the ball was steadily on the wicket : a wide or a loose one was a rarity. It required, too, a clear eye and a steady, enduring hand, for an over consisted of eight,—wisely, by successive changes, reduced to the present five. It also required careful, straight-forward, upright bat play. A slogger had a short shrift ; his bails quickly flew off, or he was as quickly lost in a shooter.

It was sometimes too regular and straight, and gave wearisome scope to blockers and stickers. I remember an instance in the person of Sir Christopher Willoughby. With a long reach, a steady eye, and a perpendicular bat, he would manage to stay in during a whole, or the greater part of an innings, and never in human knowledge accomplish a twoer, but take out his bat with—say—seven ones.

I have in 1891 carefully watched my County's matches with some of the best bowlers in the kingdom ; and in nearly every over have found one, if not two off the wicket. The very mode of delivery,—the want of preparation, the violent and sometimes frantic round, and often blind swing of the arm, prevent certain accuracy of aim, though the sameness of delivery tends to make the actual pitch of one ball almost identical with another. The wildness of the bowling gives scope for wild hitting ; and so the man of large scores plays his straights and twisters with care and caution, and lashes out relentlessly

Cricket Matches.

I I I

at an off wicket,—sure of his three or four, if he can contrive to ground the ball.

There lies his danger,—and a real danger it is,—for the caught to the bowled are in most matches as three to one, or nearly. That risk or gain enters into the calculation, of the bowler and his style, and, indeed, over after over causes him to modify and change the disposition of the field.

But I am not giving a critique on cricket. I am merely showing how pleasant the old Eton matches were. They were made more so by the appearance of the same men year after year, who were hailed as old acquaintances, and who rather liked being beaten “by the boys,” as they not rarely were. There were none of the terrible three and four hundred scores to fight against.

The Epsom once brought down a man named Shabner, who got eighty-two runs. His name was a proverb of, we will say, dissatisfaction for many seasons. Thirty or forty were the general outside of the best, or among the best players.

The bowling in its accuracy and adaptation to each player toned down the batsmen, and made the game quieter, but, apparently, far more artistic. In one respect, it was far below the present game; it did not bring out, as I have said, the excellence in fielding, which is one of the great charms,—perhaps the greatest,—of the modern game.

The old Eton matches should not be passed without a word on “the Shooting Fields,” which in those days, with the exception of Lord’s, was the best ground in the king-

dom ; firm, dry, and lively, it was admirably adapted for honest, straightforward play all round, as it is now the most pleasant and picturesque. The two were often compared at matches without disparagement to Eton.

While on Cricket, I think I will put on record the true history of a match, which, as far as I have seen, has never been fairly put,—the first real, the second nominal match of “Eton *v.* Harrow.”

The first was in 1805, but was of so little note that it tacitly stepped out of the received history of those matches. It was played August 2, on old Lord’s Ground, where Dorset Square now stands.

The second was in 1818,—the real inauguration of the matches, which, after an involuntary interval, have been played yearly since. The renewal used to be talked of every year ; but there were difficulties in the arrangement. It could not be played in School time, since neither of the Head Masters was sufficiently educated to give leave to the eleven of Eton to go to Harrow, or that of Harrow to step across to Eton ; and the obstacles to bringing them to any neutral ground seemed for a long time to be too numerous and too heavy for accomplishment. It was at length determined in 1818, almost at the last moment, to have the match in the beginning of Holidays at Lord’s.

New troubles then arose at Eton. Some of the eleven had already made home arrangements—some to Devon and distant counties, and it was doubtful whether

they could alter them. They would try. Whether it might be different with Harrow we knew not. It was thought that if we could not get our proper eleven together, there was a probability that they would lie under the same difficulty; and the feeling at Eton was too strong to be balked by trifles. We had ample promises, and the Captain determined to risk it, in the full confidence that, if one or two should fail, a decent eleven might still be made up. But whatever the argued reasons, the true one was an intense desire for the match.

On the gathering day, July 29, at Lord's, it was found that Harrow had managed to bring their full eleven to the ground, and that Eton had managed to assemble three—Secker, Pitt, and Maclean. Four or five of the Upper Club, who had come up on the chance of filling vacancies, were added, and myself, who had only reached the second College, or Playing Fields,—not second School eleven. The remainder had literally to be enrolled on the ground from the best-known materials. Both Schools mustered strong on the ground; but other spectators there were none, save a few members in the Pavilion.

The play was fairly good, and lasted into the second day, partly from the unavoidable delay in getting our eleven together. The Harrow fielding was beyond praise; ours was very indifferent, as might have been expected, from the nature of the case. We were beaten by 13 runs.

The scores were—Harrow, 53 and 114; Eton, 74 and 80. Pitt was in great force, and had reached 37,

when he was splendidly caught at point from an off-toss by a boy named Davidson. His name deserves mention. He caught the ball right-handed. His fingers were literally gashed open, and bled profusely; but he wrapped them up in his handkerchief, and trotted off gaily to the Pavilion. He had won the match.

The novelty of the match brought it into the papers next day. The *Morning Chronicle* thought fit to speak of it in this wise—"Eton v. Harrow.—On Wednesday (July 29), after a long and severe struggle for the ascendant, the Etonians were beat by the boys of Harrow. This well-contested match was won by only 13 runs. A short time ago the Etonians were beat by the Epsom Club."

The *Times* reported it in almost identical words, but thought to improve the occasion by adding—"They should contrive not to lose a characteristic which has been thought to distinguish them as much as making Centos of Latin Verse."

This was too much for me; and I sent letters to the *Chronicle* and *Morning Post* to place things for the time, and History for the future on a right foundation. The *Chronicle* naturally took no notice, but the *Post*, under "Eton v. Harrow," made the following *amende*, not as a letter, but as a paragraph:—"It has been erroneously stated that the eleven of Harrow beat the eleven of Eton at Lord's on Wednesday last. Three only of Eton's eleven were present, the rest of the players being gentlemen who went to see and not to play in this 'well-contested match.'"

These two early matches gave all the subsequent ones a fair and equal start—Harrow winning the second as above, and Eton the first thus: Harrow, 55 and 65; Eton, 122—winners by one innings and two runs. The same balanced fortune has, on the whole, accompanied the annual gatherings ever since.

We had not many distractions or recreations in our days, whichever they may be called. Fives were confined to the three walls between the Chapel buttresses; one of them unplayable, and another so nearly so as to be wholly neglected.

We had nightly boxing and single-stick in the Long all through the winter months; but all that was local. We had, too—but not every night—the recreation of pitching a bolster from a distance, and knocking out the candle of a sap who was reading in bed, and giving zest to his pillow by smoking candle and candle-grease; though he might not have been a sap, only a reader of the lighter fiction of the day, but that was not apparent to the thrower. The bolster was, of course, taken from some other fellow's bed while he was asleep.

Football, of course, came next in importance to Cricket; but it was not universal. There was the Upper Club, or rather only Club, which contained all the Upper Forms, and which held possession of the Wall; and there were occasional trifling games in the open, rare in interval and rare in players. There was no compulsory playing. Throughout the School, if you wished to play, you

played ; if you did not, you might do something else. So that Football was almost confined to the Wall game, and at most forty players, mostly constant.

It is the fashion now to run it down, and it is no doubt a special and unique mode of playing ; but it had—and, as I believe, has—an attraction which the rise of the Rugby and other methods have failed to overcome. I have seen it called rude, rough, and brutal. If so, it has grown into these epithets in later years. Not an accident beyond sore shins happened in my time, that I can bring to remembrance.

There were smart and prolonged rouges, and many kicks in them missed the ball, and lighted where they were useless, but where, in the heat and eagerness of the game, they were for the time unfelt. But no great damage could well accrue in any part of the game as then played, except from a violent clash of two players rushing for the ball outside the *mélée*. If at any time there had been any real danger, it would have been in the two matches of Collegers and Oppidans, for it must be owned that they were fought fiercely ; but beyond scars—not rare, and scarcely pleasing to the sight—no harm ever came of them.

I see, though, that in Wilkinson's time it was the custom to pad and bandage the legs to such an extent as to make ankle-greaves of book covers ! For the honour of genuine Football it was subsequently given up. Our dress was of loose flannel, bed-ticking, or old trousers of any sort. Shoes, not thick, and with the strictest prohibition of anything like nails, brads, or sparrow-bills

on any part of them. So little brutality was there about it, that on one occasion an officer in the Life Guards at Windsor—Captain Wyndham—came down to play with us in thin trousers, white cotton stockings, and low walking shoes. He was offered stouter ones, but declined, and was in the thick of every rouge and rally for the two hours, and enjoyed it immensely, and came out perfectly scatheless, except shin-wise. Long may the Wall flourish!

Bathing and boating made up the tale of summer diversions. In regard to the former a singularity, which almost amounted to a superstition, prevailed, so rooted was it in school belief,—that a boy would be drowned every third year. It proved to be accurately true in nine of my eleven years, with no intermediate fatalities; and I understood—though I had no means of substantiating it—that the impression was drawn from past experience.

The first victim was a fine, handsome, vigorous young fellow at the Weir, named Hayes. He was sucked into a great hollow or cavern which had been scooped out under the piles and framework at the side of the Fall by a constant backwater stream. He was not long under the water,—for the swell which had carried him in quickly bore him back in its reflux; and every known method of recovery was used at once on the spot and at the nearest house, but unhappily with no effect. I can never forget the utter gloom it threw over the whole school from highest to lowest. It was like a sorrow falling individually upon each.

The next victim, three years after, fell over the bow of a skiff, overbalancing himself while eel-spearing above Windsor Bridge, unable to swim, as was also the boy who sculled and managed the boat. I forget the occasion of the third. No one was taught to swim in those times. There used to be a man, supposed to be a teacher, stationed at Cuckoo Weir; but I never heard that he taught anybody. I never, in my Cuckoo Weir days, even saw him off the bank. He told us to strike out our arms and legs together, and that was all,—imitating both as well as he could, in the air.

In *re* swimming, a Colleger—Collins—in the Fourth possessed a curious faculty, that of diving without being able to swim. How he gained it he didn't know. Probably from constant ducking in shallow water, and not being afraid then to go off his feet. But his art was undoubted; and we used to stand on the bank and see him dive across Deadman's Hole time after time for our amusement. He eventually learned to swim, and became, as may be supposed, a very expert diver. It was not trickery. I knew him well.

I was once at a curious bathing scene at the Oak Tree. The great swimming feat for young beginners was to swim across the river to the Needle's Eyot; and for precaution's sake when such a candidate presented himself, some one swam on each side in case of weakness or accident. It was no great feat; but there was a strange sensation in swimming out of depth in a full and rapid

A Bathing Scene. 119

stream for the first time. I and another were on guard that day. It so happened that a boy who had dabbled once or twice out of his depth, thought he, too, would go over by himself some few yards aside, or rather in rear of us.

When about three parts over, Dolphin, the candidate, lost his head and his stroke too, swallowed a mouthful of water, and shrieked out in terror that he should be drowned. We quickly set that at rest by holding him up, and towing him over the few yards that remained.

But those cries, so close to our volunteer companion, struck such a terror into him, that he, too, lost all control over himself,—his senses left him, and he sank unknown to us.

Presently a shout was raised from those, half dressed on the bank—"Where's Moore? Moore's drowned!" and there was a momentary confusion. Happily the alarm caught the ear of some men who were in a broad dredging punt at the Needles, some thirty or forty yards above. They quickly loosed, punted down mid-stream, and passed the bathing-place towards the Eel-pots. The stream is remarkably clear in that locality, and not above seven or eight feet deep on the average in the full current.

They kept a sharp lookout, and at some short distance below us discovered Moore rolling over and over at the bottom. They hauled him aboard in an instant,—how I know not,—with punt-pole hook probably,—but as soon as he came into the air he opened his eyes, startled, frightened, dazed,—but conscious.

He must have been under from five to eight minutes

by calmest calculation,—ten, by probability. He sank unseen by anyone ; and there was an interval before he was missed by those who on the bank were dressing, and who were only attracted to the water by the drowning cry. Reassured on that head, it was at the same time remembered that Moore went over too. Then they loudly shouted, and the puntsmen came down in their unwieldy craft with success ; but our time-calculations on the spot were as hazarded above.

When brought to the bank, he stepped out of the punt with assistance, feeble and rather abroad ; but he was slowly dressed, and, leaning on friends, walked to his Dame's, where we saw him an hour afterwards, perfectly recovered and cheerful, but with his head white as flour could make it under medical advice. He lived to be the worthy Rector of Broxbourne during many years.

The solution is, that he had fainted, and recovered instant consciousness on coming into the air.

But the adventures of the hour were not over. A boy in the midst of all this, from confusion, or some misadventure or other, had stepped out of his depth unable to swim, and also ran his risk, and a great one ; but, fortunately for him, a line of dwarf willows ran from the bathing-place up to the Oak Tree, their boughs dipping into the stream. He caught hold of some of them, and supported himself until Moore had been rescued, when he drew attention towards himself, and was dragged through them to the bank. I don't know whether he had any ideas of his own on not having been missed ; very likely he had.

The writer has said something in a gossiping kind of way on the general mode of living, but not a word yet on the highest of all; though the transfer is rather abrupt from these things to Chapel, he thinks he will venture.

Chapel was twice on Sunday, twice on every holiday, and once on every half. Prayers read, scandalously quick and mechanical; choral on Saints' days. One Sermon on Sunday morning; none at any other time.

Those who only know the Chapel in its present nobly restored state could with difficulty go back to the simply glazed windows, bare walls, and cold, cheerless aspect of the whole interior in former times. Anything less calculated for devotion can scarcely be conceived. The Ante-Chapel, with its half-dozen monuments, led to a choir and chancel, without one single accessory to religious thought from Organ to Altar.

It was restored, mostly by subscriptions — readily enough given; but one magnificent gift was special, fourteen stained windows. These were the gift of John Wilder, V.P. at the present time; and who also distinguished his love of Eton by a Divinity Prize—a corollary to the Newcastle. His name and honour are also associated with the restoration of the Hall, formerly in its way as cold and desolate as the Chapel.

Taking the Sunday generally, nothing could be more quiet and decorous than the conduct of the whole School on that day, with one exception, which was licensed—"Prose." Every one was in his best, gayest, lightest

costume in summer; warmer in winter, but with no other difference. Nothing like greatcoats or wrapping up in any shape was allowed; and the pilot-coat race had not come into being. It was the day for sauntering walks of two or three into the country, or up town. Knots, too, of friends stood listlessly outside the Tutors' or Dames' houses, or about the doorways, talking. Nothing was done; a day of thorough rest and quiet.

Of course there were wild young fellows amongst us, and fellows of very little serious thought, if of any; but no London High Church could be more still and attent than the whole juvenile congregation. It was an understood thing, and an offender would have been looked on as a cad who knew no better, and would have lost what perhaps he most valued—*caste*.

It was not only what we saw and knew ourselves, but it was a common remark of friends, relatives, or visitors in the Organ loft. However trying the sermons—and they were trying—perfect quiet was preserved throughout.

On Saints' days it was somewhat different—not much. About the same as in University Chapels; nothing remarkably wrong—chiefly inattention, and thoughts wandering to after-twelves or fours; and that by no means general. The Sixth and a considerable portion of the Upper Fifth chanted the Psalms, and criticised closely any of the Organist's flowery tunes. They knew and listened to Randall's, Kent's, Green's, Jackson's, and other "Services," and marked any chance Anthem out of

the Messiah or Creation with the attention of an Oratorio audience. Not all, but many. I must guard myself on that.

The chief offence was a whispered talking, every now and then accompanied with smiles, which detected the culprit. This was chiefly in the Upper forms under Keate's eye; and it was amusing to see his watchfulness. He could not by any chance ever have said a prayer, or followed psalm, lesson, or sermon. His whole being was on the talkers. First he nailed an offender, then he scowled. If all that was "innocently" ignored, he would put forward his memorandum book with left hand, and with his right place his pencil in the attitude of writing—a prelude which was invariably successful for the moment, and gave him time to turn to some one else.

There was, though, one thing most censurable, which singularly enough he never discovered, though transacted immediately under his supervision. It was a time-honoured custom, that when the head Colleger of the Fifth was promoted to the Sixth, he had to distribute eleven small packets of almonds and raisins to the rest of the Sixth on the first subsequent three o'clock Chapel. They claimed the name of "Church sock," and were to be consumed during Service. That was the strictest law; nothing was to be taken out, and the munching went on under Keate's very nose. The Captain was not two yards from him, and half the Sixth went down from him in direct line.

I never could ascertain the origin or meaning of the

custom. It may have been from time immemorial, or, at least, from the earliest importation of Levantine or Greek raisins; or it may have been a modern invention. In favour of the latter it might be said that the Authorities might perchance be unaware of it. But that is far from conclusive, as many customs, perfectly known, were winked at from their venerable age, in which the Masters must have participated themselves when in College.

We learn, from Wilkinson, that it was continued in his time, but that it had changed or enlarged its operation. The custom seemed so admirable that it was draughted from the Collegers to the noblemen's stall, and that a Hatton's shop boy used to wait openly with a tray full of these luxuries for the "nobility" at the Chapel door. We did nothing so great as that.

A great alteration must have taken place in later years in the stalls. In my time there were two stalls—one for the Sixth and Fifth, on Keate's right hand, and another for all below on the left hand of the V.P. on the other side. Not only noblemen, but baronets were included in these stalls, and had nothing whatever to do with our almonds and raisins.

But in Wilkinson's time, it would appear that "when a vacancy occurred in the stalls on the side of the Head Master, where some dozen sprigs of nobility had their special places, the young fellow who was translated from his desk in the body of the Chapel to the post of honour . . . had entailed upon him the duty of presenting each member of the Sixth form a packet of almonds and raisins."

With that exception, and the talking, the writer can testify to decent, if not thoughtful, demeanour on Saints' days; not at times, but always.

On Sundays, as it has been said, it was totally different; and yet Sundays were in one respect a heavy trial. The Sermons were weary work. They were intolerably long, as was the custom of the age. They were mumbled and jumbled by aged men with weak, smothered voices; not one word of which could be heard except by those immediately under them, and that imperfectly, so that it is impossible to say whether or not they were suited to our capacity or welfare. The ladies, if any, absorbed the whole profit derivable from them, as all the wives and daughters of Fellows and Masters were lodged in a large pew which abutted on the Pulpit.

The writer, as did some of his friends, used when low down to read the Gospel Parables over and over again from the Prayer Book; and when higher, the Gospels themselves from the New Testament, or parts of the Old Testament, to consume the time.

Before leaving sermons, I must put on record a special one, for the good name of my own Tutor was involved in it. A new Fellow of much knowledge, but of eccentric use of it,—elected after twenty years of Lower School work,—was once on a time at a mixed supper of Tutors and others.

I believe there was always a sort of rivalry, jealousy, or what not among the Masters on the number of their pupils,—a very understandable jealousy,—and on this occasion it was much talked of, discussed, and debated.

My Tutor at that particular period was believed to be rather low in pupils; in fact, the lowest of all. They had notoriously fallen off. However, amongst the rest he gave in his *quota*, as he rapidly ran it over in his own mind; but unhappily for himself, not with a permissible round number, but defined by a unit of time.

Our friend the new Fellow,—perhaps from former rivalries,—I know not—fixed the special unit in his memory. He sought, inquired, and by some process, known to the Masters, arrived at the conclusion that my Tutor, whether or not right in his tens,—was certainly wrong in his unit.

Next week, or the week after, he came again into residence, and had possession of the Sunday morning's pulpit. He chose sound material for his sermon, on which much of good might be said—"The ten lepers."

I should say that, as most things ooze out sooner or later, we of the Sixth were perfectly acquainted with the supper discussion, and it was also known, probably through us, to some few of the higher Oppidans,—though without any after-thought,—merely as a bit of Tutorial gossip in which our several Tutors were concerned.

The new Fellow, clad in his robes, passed from the Preacher's pew to the Pulpit. The bidding prayer over, he looked on the left to the Organ loft, and he looked on the right to the Altar,—and then he thundered forth, with marked intent on either side, the words of his text,—
"but where are the nine?"

We caught it as by magic. The presiding Tutor

caught it. I dare say, Keate caught it ; but the attention of all the upper part of the Chapel was redoubled.

I may not say how many times in the course of the next five and thirty minutes the inquiry was markedly repeated. All we could do was to lower our heads and smile unseen ;—wrong, but thoughtless.

The anecdote is not much, except as a part at that time of our religious teaching.

The actor in it was a clever man, and, in spite of his eccentricities, a very good Tutor. It was in those days that what I am about to relate took place. I do not know what it may be now, but in the old eighty time dinners were rare amongst the Masters, only occurring at long intervals on Saturdays. Supper after the day's work done was the great social gathering, and sometimes it was very social.

On one occasion, it so happened that a young fellow, lodging with his private Tutor in a ground floor near the head of Keate's Lane, sat up rather late ; and whether he was looking out of his open window in a summer's night, or near it in meditation, his attention was attracted to a voice outside.

A post was fixed a few yards above him, and against this post leaned a well known Master, who had evidently without intention assailed it ; and the first words he heard in an imaginary colloquy were—"It's naught to the purpose ! Who put the barrow there ?" They were repeated ; but no answer followed ;—again spoken,—but without effect ; and presently the questioner moved onwards to his home, and the private pupil closed the

window, and went to bed. *O noctes, canaque Deum!* But even the gods might sometimes take Cassio's advice as to enemies.

Of course, we used from one source to another to hear a good deal of these things. How they got abroad was sometimes a mystery. But assuredly very few escapades from any source, high or low, remained only with the doers. It was an age of freedom. The less remembered perhaps the better after all.

But to return from this digression. A partial relief came in the promotion of John B. Summer from the Mastership of the Remove to a Fellowship,—subsequently to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. He preached a series of sermons on the Beatitudes, which were carefully and attentively listened to throughout. Very good sermons for the time, and thought so good that they were published by request. No sooner were they out than Keate attached a Latin heading to the first, and gave it out in Prose for the theme of the week, adding a somewhat extravagant praise, and hoping that the course had impressed us during its delivery. He then gently suggested that, as it was in print, we might refresh our memories and improve our themes by purchasing the half-guinea volume. We had a little laugh about that; and also at his eagerness to impress a little religion on our classical course. But what a satire on the rota of Fellows who had been giving sermons Sunday after Sunday for years on years!



THE CLOCK TOWER SCHOOL YARD.

Hitherto the religious tone in School-work had been of a very light character. We consumed one school-time a week during Lent with Grotius de Veritate, alternated annually, if I mistake not, with a treatise of Burnet. They were thought too easy of construction to be conned over in our Tutors' Pupil-rooms; and for the same reason were never probably looked at before we went into School. They were construed. They were run through in construing easily enough. Their exposition was limited. In fact, strictly speaking, beyond the amplification of a sentence here and there as we went on, there was none.

It must be acknowledged though, to the credit of religious instruction, that it was not limited to the annual Grotius or Burnet. It was given weekly. Every Monday morning the Fifth said ten or a dozen verses of Greek Testament, and the Sixth a correspondent measure of Diatessaron. That through, completed the classic religion for the year.

But an example of more direct Theology was given to the whole School in Chapel, during the Sundays in Lent, at the afternoon Service.

The first six Collegers in the Fifth stood up in their Surplices in the Oppidans' seats, immediately under the Vice Provost and Lower Master, and at a certain part of the Service, they said their Catechism. They then sat down; and the prayers which had been interrupted concluded the Service. They might have been heard by fifty out of the five hundred,—certainly not by more, for their backs were turned to them.

That completed the whole religion of the year, unless we include five minutes of very splendid reading by Keate in "Prose" from Blair's sermons, and half-an-hour in Tutors' Pupil-rooms, on some Latin book or other, for the Lower School and Fourth form pupils on Sunday mornings. Fifth and Sixth exempted.

It may be said without disparagement to the system, that unless there had been an innate religious feeling in the greater part of the boys, which there certainly was in those years,—a rather plentiful crop of indifference would have gone forth into the world,—if nothing worse.

Enough has been said in a general way of the life of Collegers, all too young to have been sent into College in those rough days; and without doubt those who were not admitted until well up in the Fourth, Remove, or Lower Fifth, had not only a better time of it, but a better hope and means of getting on in the higher School-work. But there was amongst us a strong prejudice against them. We who had borne the heat and burden of the day from earliest dawn scorned, and almost hated for a time, those who had come in under the mid-day sun. They had led in their early days the placid Oppidan life. They had not had their book-covers made into candlesticks, and half the contents torn out; nor been forced to go into school with a sham book; and with the almost certainty of a visit to the Library if called up; for there was no mercy shown to bookless construers. They knew

nothing of our glorious College ways, in these and similar things, and we didn't like it.

We had passed through heavyish times. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, that in regard to school-work, what little we had gained was certainly drummed hard into us, and remained fixed; we never forgot it: and in the right of a foundation it was not perhaps amiss. It was not so to all: for some could not see the advantage of having it drummed into them. All of us knew that there were boys who passed through the furnace with only gaining the most shadowy control of the very elements of Greek and Latin, and in later days not much greater over theme and verse.

The late Mr Wilkinson, amid a great deal of more modern and very genuine Eton lore, has given instances of this which wholly cap any thing known in my day,—though that was bad enough. A great incentive to this state of things, which probably has gone out of existence altogether, was the great Institution of Old Copies. As subjects for Verse and Theme must necessarily recur at stated intervals,—or if not necessarily, still they did,—boys begged and collected the corrected exercises of the week from as many friends as they could; labelled and classed them, and kept them in a box or trunk for future use, as the subjects came up.

There was a collection in my time in Carter's Chamber which had Themes, Verses, and Lyrics for nearly, if not every week in the year,—so long had the collection been handed down from friend to friend as the happy possessor was forwarded to a University life, where such treasures would be out of place.

That was not a good state of things; but there was another very common mode of arriving at the same end by a different road. Those of the Sixth who had grown up under the system of doing nothing, or as little as might be, had their "Poets" among the Fifth, who did all their exercises for them;—clever fellows, who could rattle off a suitable copy of verses or theme as fast as thought without any mental labour whatever.

The Fifth who were under the same idle incapacity were reduced to rely on different friends as the weeks came round: and sometimes found it difficult, with the disadvantage of having a variety of styles, which ought to have been apparent to their Tutors. It was a trouble-giving obligation at its best, with an inner consciousness of false pretences.

But Tutors themselves were not always guiltless. A friend of mine in the Fifth, who did a little of his work—not much, and that intermittently, grew weary of the obligation of having it done for him, and set about his themes and verses himself, I dare say, not very well at first, and full of mistakes, but his intention was good. However, this gave my Tutor more trouble in altering them than he wished; and so one evening when he gave back his verses corrected, he said: "B——, you don't improve: if I couldn't do better than this, I would be given"—a phrase for having his work done for him. "I will, sir,"—and so he did for ever afterwards. In after-life he rose into a good position, but he began his work after he left Eton,—not in verses and themes though.

All cannot be scholars in the right sense of the word, any more than all can be markedly tall or robustly muscular; but all by care can make the most of their height; and all by exercise strengthen their muscles. In an assemblage of a thousand boys—or five hundred formerly—many will rise to eminence in scholarship; a few to pre-eminence; and the rest may be divided into scholars to whom Latin and Greek will be familiar for the rest of their lives, taking more or less delight in them; and into young fellows with many good and estimable qualities; loved at home and endeared to their friends; but who, a year after they have left, might indeed be able to say “*hic dominus*” and “*hæc musa*” after the old fashion, but who would rather rest on those laurels than promote a further growth. Every schoolmaster in the kingdom must know the impossibility of bringing up all his scholars to the same, or nearly the same high level.

This is somewhat of a rash sentence, applying strictly to the writer’s five hundred, but inapplicable to the present system from the introduction of modern languages into examinations and scholarships.

It is the same in all communities. The House of Commons has nearly seven hundred members. There are certain great speakers; a considerable proportion of passable ones, and a remainder who would make no impression at all. But they might be good men of business; sound politicians; good in committees; and so fill up the hopes and anticipations of their constituents.

What may take place in the future,—whether or not an anti-Greek Commission, or Grace, shall be issued, or whether a six months' residence in Athens shall be an essential preparation for the Sixth form, may be left to the developments of time; but so long as Greek shall form a part of a gentleman's education, the general amount of scholarship in it is of far less consequence than the preservation of the language. A mastery of it is another matter.

I am speaking now of the Eton of old, when there was nothing but Greek and Latin; and give it the praise, that in various ways it sent forth young men who succeeded well in after life. But every word tells in a tenfold degree under the enlarged, enlightened, and liberal system of the present time; and he must be the veriest dunce who can now pass into the greater world without carrying with him actual and sound knowledge,—knowledge which shall be important to him in any possible course of life which he may choose.

Of course the question used to be debated, and sometimes rather hotly, whether Eton, having been founded for scholars, does not fail of the intention if scholars are not made.

In place of argument, a not uncommon occurrence may have a passing notice. As you formerly strolled up Windsor after Election or Christmas holidays, you met a tall, handsome young fellow in the cuirass of the Blues, or the scarlet of the Life Guards—he was on guard for the day—who, when last seen, some seven or eight weeks before, was stammering and labouring to construe some

lines of Homer or Virgil in the Upper Fifth with serious trouble to himself, and only escaping by being prompted in the hard words.

Neither *Iliad* or *Æneid* are likely to have a prominent place in his book-shelves; but has Eton therefore failed? He has missed Greek, and has vague ideas of Latin; but he has gained by association a code of high honour and principle that will stand fast by him and be of inestimable value to him in his career of life. He might not have been a star in either University; but he may rise into the rank of Colonel or General, and distinguish himself in many quarters of the world, and find an honourable place in the history of his country. I must, though, not forget that I speak of the times of Purchase, when Wellington gave utterance to his immortal saying—that the victories of the Peninsula were won in the Playing Fields.

Take another class—that of the landed country gentleman. He may take little interest in Achilles' wrath or Andromache's woes, and have got through even the Iambics of Greek tragedy with trouble; but he may make a good Magistrate with all the late Acts at his finger ends, and with views of human nature enlarged in its diversified forms by the social culture of his early years. He might make, too, a considerate landlord over a hundred or many hundreds of tenants. In another direction, he may become a sound financier, manager of our large Stock Banks; director of the Bank of England, with only a superficial classical knowledge. That is a merit which, perhaps, might be said of all our Public

Schools. I only claim it in a great degree for the one of which I write.

There are many inducements to a high standard of Public School Opinion common to all ; and that Opinion follows,—or dogs, as it may be, every one in the course and career of a wider life ; no one will escape from it,—whether for good or ill. Indeed, it may almost be said, that the honour principle is more searching and intense in the Public School than in the greater world, for it has none of its aberrations and distractions or its temptations. It is the principle of a pure mind. In this respect all are on an equality. You cannot go beyond the highest principle of honour. Eton stands among the rest, and with specialties, nothing more. Their use or misuse is wholly a personal matter.

It is said to have a glint and glamour of Royalty about it, which is an undue advantage. It may be so, and be one of the pleasant things of its school life. It is no doubt pleasant to roam at will on the Castle Terrace, and to listen to the alternate bands of the Blues and Guards on summer Thursdays with the select, and on Sundays with the crowds. Pleasant to have the Parks, and in my time the Slopes, open to us,—now hermetically sealed. Pleasant to know from time to time that Royalty looks down and takes a special interest in us. Advantages, no doubt.

Twice while the writer was there, the good Queen Charlotte had the first hundred up to a *fête* at Frogmore.

There was an informal third, when the grounds were thrown open to the whole School in the evening of the Montem of 1817. But the two lasted throughout the day, and with unbounded freedom to every one present.

The second, of which I speak more particularly, was on a splendid scale, and gave rise to a little incident which it is right to place on a sound historical foundation. Among other things, it was officially notified to us that the Queen desired to see the boys at a game of Cricket, and so a first-class eleven was meted out. The Queen sat in state on the broad Terrace before the house, with a long line of her daughters and ladies standing on each side of her, with the Prince Regent, for a while, leaning his hand on the back of her chair, and talking with her. Behind were a troop of aides-de-camp and others—a brilliant Court.

The eleven played their best, and right proudly. To be bowled out, or caught, would have been as a life's misfortune; and this had gone on for some twenty minutes or so, when the Princess Augusta, standing by the Queen, and seeing the players cross each other, run, and hit and throw about a ball, turned to the lady next to her, and, remarking that it was rather dull, asked, "When are the boys going to begin?"

That is history: but history is very apt to repeat itself, and I see that, in a game off the Champs Elysées, the Duchesse de Berri, in the present summer of 1891, made precisely the same enquiry—a very natural one; and it is not improbable that, when the Americans take seriously to Cricket, the wife of the President may

Schools. I only claim
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the tables planed by their hands, but every ornament, paper, painting, and decoration came from the hands of the Regent. Every room differed in design, and all, as we could judge, of as great merit in taste as in execution. Our judgment was not worth much: the Regent's taste has been lasting.

I mentioned the name of the Prince Regent as being present at the Frogmore *fête*. Though often at Windsor, he was not, I remember, came down to Eton. I have heard that he was somewhere in the Montem of 1820. I am not sure, or I did not know it. He certainly did not appear at his appearance nowhere else. Two or three of us sometimes rushed up the hundred steps after Service, and stood outside St George's Chapel to see him come out. I remember some one of the Princesses, hand her into her carriage, and drive up to the Castle. The services were more than ours. His dress, to satisfy a pardonable curiosity at this distance of time, was invariably the enormous black tie of the period; a blue frock coat, beautifully befrogged; and blue trowsers, loose and full-bottomed, of course. I do not think he was ever over-lax to the range of lookers-on.

There were two other occasions in which Eton had part: one in 1817, at the funeral of the lamented Princess Charlotte; the other in 1820, at the funeral of George III. At the former, many of the young nobles and others were present by special favour; at the latter the first hundred attended by royal command.

The whole School were admitted to the King's Lying-in-State.

Royal funerals were arranged in a far different way from what they have been in more recent times. The Lying-in-State lasted some six weeks, the mourning and half-mourning for nearly as many months. Every Eton boy from first to last, without exception, during the Gazette-directed term, wore black. Frock coats of a sort of dark pepper and salt, or Oxford mixture, were first introduced amongst us as second mourning for the Princess Charlotte, ornamented with a strip of silk lining—an innovation on the normal swallow-tail, or dress, as we should now call it. No other walking coats known. Some had their blue coats and trowsers dyed for seconds, but with doubtful hue in the glint of sunshine.

A broad covered way led from the principal entrance of the Castle to St George's Chapel. It was of Norway deal, floored, and open at the sides. It was free to any one as a promenade for a month or more; and we, amongst others, made great use of it after twelves and fours. A few days before the funeral it was lined throughout, ceiling and flooring, with black cloth; the sides were also closed, and silver sconces arranged on the pillars at intervals.

The procession reached St George's about nine. The Chapel had been filled long before; a Company of the Guards lined the whole of the Nave on both sides; and we and the other mourners stood behind them singly, or in groups, as we chose. The waiting and standing still with nothing even to lean against, tired some of the great

people who attended in virtue of their office. There was no matting on the floor, and the cold stone struck an unenviable chill. One nobleman caught his death by it. Lord Eldon, who was with him, doubled up his large Chancellor's official hat and made a mat of it, and very likely escaped by it his friend's fate.

At length the muffled Dead March was heard, and the Procession entered. All other feelings were absorbed in the grandeur and solemnity of the Ceremony, as might well be supposed, and need not be spoken.

One thing, though, was too striking ever to be forgotten. The iron gates under the Organ loft were closed after the Procession had entered the Choir, thus shutting out all light inside from below. The Guards and people stood motionless in the Nave. Nothing was seen but a bright light on the groined roof of the Choir. The solemn subdued tones of the Organ; the appealing Minors of the Psalms and Hymns; the grandeur of a Service in which we had, and had no part, gave that weirdness to the whole which may be once felt, but which is seldom felt a second time in the longest life.

After the Procession of the mourners had left the Chapel, we were suffered to go into the Choir, and look down upon the coffin in the temporary tomb before it was transferred by the underground passage to the regal Mausoleum close at hand.

All this notice, no doubt, had a certain influence,—rather felt than shewn. But independent of it, there was

an individual and personal pride in every one from Captain to Lag, which finds no resemblance except in Schools which have been the family resort for generations, and where certain names are almost an integral part of the foundation. We hated anything that was thought to be in any way derogatory to caste; it was productive of much personal inconvenience to the doer. A mean thing of any kind was not easily forgotten. It followed the offender afterwards. There were braggarts now and then, and bullies. You could not always be fighting them; and remonstrance would have been a ready way to the Playing Fields. They fell under Opinion, and Opinion had considerable weight; of course it is the same thing now. No doubt it has existed always.

Eton had no prerogative or superiority in its view of these things; only, they burned into the very bone; and in regard to hardships, it was rather remarkable that however many of us were knocked about in our younger days by tyrannical—perhaps I ought to say unreflecting—Fag-Masters, there was not one in my remembrance who retaliated when he rose into power; in other words, every one, when he reached Liberty, and afterwards in the Sixth, became a kind and considerate Master. The worse we were treated the more—well, the more reflective, I suppose, we became.

And in regard to this, there was a great difference between the Oppidans and the Collegers. The proportion of Fifths and Sixths in every house probably enabled each of the formers to have one fag, perhaps two in rare instances. Any Sixth Colleger had the whole of the

A Fagging Incident. 143

Lower Boys, some thirty or so, under his immediate call after lock-up to do whatever he chose to exact of them, besides his two or three especial fags.

In weak minds this very excess of power might in itself have been a temptation to over-exaction or tyranny. Whenever it arose it was controlled to a certain extent by general feeling; and well was it that it should have been so; for, go where such a one might in English after life, he would in no profession, relation, or place, have such a thorough, unmitigated, personal control over his fellows as he had as a Sixth Form Colleger.

I love the system of fagging. It is the true touchstone of Public Schools. It is a great social teacher. It brings high and low to their bearings: good for both.

A little fagging episode may not be out of place, as indicative of the system and manners of the time. A young fellow, hard upon eighteen apparently—tall, broad-shouldered, and well-developed, was duly entered and placed in the Fourth. He had been in the Navy, and had seen good service in different parts of the world; a hopeless Midshipman, who, having no interest in an age when interest was everything, resolved to begin life anew with the prestige of a year or two at Eton. As he knew little Latin and less Greek, it was by kindly straining a point that Keate placed him in the Upper School.

His advent made a great stir. His tall, muscular figure in the moderately developed ranks of the Fourth made him something "among the minnows." But he

was good-natured, sailor-like, and promised to be popular among them.

Unfortunately there are Wrongheads in all communities; and so there were of that class at Shury's: and a question arose among some of them in the Fifth, why he had not been assigned, and why he should not be taken up as fag to one of them. It was talked of and debated with more or less wisdom, until a rumour reached them that he declined being fagged at all: Corioli's dovescotes were fluttered. And as in the perversity of human things it often happens, that the greatest events spring from the smallest apparent causes, a young Fifth, reaching barely to Dickson's shoulder stood forth as the Bell-the-cat of the hour.

The service required was not much, nominal, but it was declined, and it at once became a public matter and interest—talked of all over the School. Keate and his Tutors prudently let it alone to be battled out amongst those whom it most concerned. It would settle down. The war of Opinion went on for some days; parties were formed. The wise said, as the Statesman in a later age said: "let it alone," it will find its level. The unwise were for standing up for strict rights: and so it went on till Saturday after four. The whole assemblage of Fifths at Shury's came upon him. I suppose he resisted the temptation to wring their necks, and barricaded himself in his room instead.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole five hundred of Eton assembled round Shury's, talking, chattering, debating in the aimless way of crowds. When

six o'clock Absence approached, one or two of the graver Sixth made their way to his door; induced him to open it; reasoned kindly with him on discipline in general, pointing the moral by close allusions to his Majesty's ships, on which he had served as a youngster with able seamen of mature age under him; and ended by saying, that in this case it was only the principle that was at stake: and that if he would do the very slightest thing required, it would be to a certainty the last thing asked of him.

As a midshipman of sense he complied: and the cherished principle was upheld. He was never molested afterwards: perhaps because no Fifth found anything exactly for him to do.

The fact is undeniable, that Lower boy college life in the times I write of was inexpressibly hard; but I felt then, as I look back now, that if at Eton at all, I would have been a Collegier against the world. It was a severe, but a good school for after-life;—and a hard young life—throwing one on one's own resources is more than seldom a blessing in disguise. In the writer's worst days, it never struck him for a moment to plead to his father to be turned into an Oppidan. When home for the holidays the slappings and all that he had groaned under were no more thought of than Sancho Panza thought of "last year's weather."

There was, too, a certain secret, pleasurable sense of belonging to a strong, compact body among many friends in the same case,—much the same as being in a crack regiment. There was a pride in it,—and when a young

fellow has that kind of pride which keeps clear of conceit and vanity there are hopes of him.

But fagging, lessons, themes, verses, lean continuously towards an end, and Holidays loom in the near distance, shorter and shorter until the last week.

The Collegers had a very worthy custom, drawn from remote antiquity, of meeting in the Lower School every Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Keate sat in the desk, and a Præpostor stood in the middle of the floor before him, and repeated the Confession and a prayer or two out of the Winchester Latin Prayer-book.

The hundredth Psalm was then sung by the whole College. On ordinary Sundays it was sung, I cannot say with reverence, but decently, and with nothing to cause remark. But on the last meeting in the half, the word went round: "Sing loud the last Sunday," and the singing was loud. Every boy, at least in the lower half, and a slight creeping upwards, simply bawled his loudest, at the very top of his voice. It was heard in every room in the Tutor's house, in Weston's Yard, and in my own Dame's at the end of it, abutting on the Playing Fields.

Anything more grotesque, indecorous, and irreverent can scarcely be conceived; but it was a custom venerable from old age, and therefore borne.

I write it now at this distance of time with shame, that Keate, who, by the account of his friends never moved without the ideal rod, like Macbeth's dagger, before his eyes, only smiled and nodded his head in faint deprecation.

Of course it was wrong of him. Perhaps a moderating thought came over him, that he had so sung himself, not so many years before, on the last Sundays, and so passed it good-humouredly without remark.

In a couple of days afterwards all is astir. Eton is full of post-chaises, gigs, tandems, on the road just below Weston's Gate, all rushing off to different points to catch the cross-country coaches. My care though is with our own two, Thumwood's and Lily White's, fierce in opposition.

We'll say it's Christmas. Preparations have been made the week before, from the Remove downwards. Quarts of peas and pea-shooters, with three or four long tin horns, are the foundation.

The personal adornment consists partially of top hats covered over with black, shining oil-skin; of universal red or white worsted netted comforters, and of drab, fine cloth great-coats, with large, broad fur or velvet collars and two or more capes. Among them might be seen three or four little fellows strutting about in cut-away coats, cords, and tops, giving the idea of an embryo huntsman or Master of hounds,—faint imitation of stalwart brothers or friends. After 1814, when they were introduced, one or two in Hessian boots and black silk tassels. Top-boots were an ambition early impressed in life. We of the oil-skin and caped coats had it not. We were Londoners.

Well, the start is made. Lower boys raise exulting shouts as the coaches start. Peas rattle on windows and wayfarers in every town and village on the road, and horns sound. Wayfarers only laugh; they recog-

nise "the Eton boys," and no windows are injured. Perhaps, though, it was through good fortune that the supply ceased before Hyde Park Corner was gained. Londoners have their own ways.

The return was on a different principle. Peas and horns were absent. The two coaches drew up before the White Horse Cellar at three o'clock. Places taken a week beforehand. Hackney coaches gradually drew up—hackney coaches, pair-horsed, slow, lumbering, shilling a mile, and London miles very short; no mat or carpet, straw instead, dry or moist as per season. Bits of straw before now carried in the flounces of a lady's dress into drawing-room or ball-room.

Always a crowd round the White Horse Cellar, and among them Jew boys with hand baskets of oranges. There were no paupers in that community. The rich Jews sent them forth to the different centres and full streets every morning with a fresh supply, to teach them industry and trade. All they earned was put into a common fund for common benefit. I understand that there are no Jew beggars in London now. They crowded round the coaches, holding up the baskets and offering the oranges at three for sixpence, as they were "so very fine," and parting with them at about the rate of twenty a shilling. The same thing awaited us at a long stoppage at Hounslow, only the Jewish element was left behind, and aged dames stepped forth, basket-laden, from houses on all sides at the sound of Thumwood's whip and the roll of wheels.

There was also a joky, good-natured hanger-on or porter, who greeted every little fellow as he stepped out of his hackney coach, and took charge of his trunk, with the news that "a fine load of birch had gone down the day before," which he would be glad to hear!

He was occasionally indiscriminate; and when mounted on the wheel just before starting, to see if all the luggage under his care were right, would give the same news, even though a couple of tall Removes, taller than himself, were among the passengers.

He was there all my years, and for aught I know may be still there under a Mahatma kind of existence.

Three hours took us back to the Christopher, including five regular stoppages, besides chance ones.

These holiday tidings are certainly not very valuable in point of knowledge, but are not altogether unamusing as a contrast between Now and Then.



THE SLOUGH ROAD.

Keate.



PART OF THE CLOISTERS, WITH THE HALL STEPS.

Keate.

IN 1811 Eton was Keate, and Eton was so until he resigned in 1834. It had Provost, Vice-Provost, Fellows, Upper and Lower School, and a Staff of Masters, and seemed to be under a Corporate Government; but in the true state of things they were concentrated and absorbed in Keate. The Tsar was no more an autocrat in his own realm than Keate was in his. He had an iron will, and the stoutest in his staff of Masters bent under it. He was Lord Paramount in his time, and whatever Eton drew of good or ill it drew from Keate. There are many controversies about him; there is no controversy on his absolute rule.

The first fruit of his accession to the Headmastership was a steady rise in numbers and a renewed prestige to the School. They had fallen under his immediate predecessor, Goodall, from 436 to 357 under G. Heath, roughly, and seemed to threaten a still further diminution in the general class of supporters. Not in the old families; the old Eton names from grandfather to grandson remained staunch and immovable. Thackeray's house was still known as "the house of Lords;" and the lists still contained the familiar roll of Eton names; but the general prestige had become sensibly weakened; and

though from its very constitution it must always stand high, it was losing its character of first. It was limp, and required vigour and fresh blood.

Keate, receiving it from Goodall in 1809 at 357, left it in 1834 at 519, having raised it in 1825 to 568, roughly, the year before the great financial panic. The unrecorded average during my eleven years—year by year—was taken as 530 by the school Lists, near, if not strictly accurate.

As every one knows, it has been doubled in more recent times ; but the greatness of the increase is readily accounted for. A moneyed class has since arisen, which did not exist in the meridian of his day, to which Eton has become in some sort a social necessity, and hence the second growth.

The rise on Keate's accession was entirely the fruit of his own energy,—an energy of calculation, wholly unaffected by other considerations. He had studied the system as one of the Masters, and recognised in it a languor, feebleness, and want of life and spirit. He analysed the weak points of his immediate predecessors, and wisely determined to go on other lines. The laxity under G. Heath and Goodall would in these days be scarcely credible. They were both distinguished by kindly natures,—too kindly for the governing faculty, and the usual result followed on the governed.

Keate, with a kindly nature too, was no doubt hot-tempered and irascible at times ; slightly uncontrolled ; and his character with most persons has been built solely upon that foundation. They can see it in no other light.

A hot temper, no doubt, contributes to a character. In the sight of his censors it formed it.

He had, too, like all born rulers, a strong sense of his own powers and capacity for rule. He meant to rule; and there can be very little question that he began his Headmastership on a thought-out system. It might be right or wrong—right in his own judgment; and he resolved on a reign of strictest and severest discipline. He began it from the first. He continued it throughout.

No one can properly estimate Keate's character who does not take this resolution as its Eton groundwork. It was something put on, assumed, added to his own familiar, social character,—just as the severest martinet in the army—to use a well-known contrast—may be the most indulgent father and the kindest head of the family at home.

Those over whom he came to rule,—especially in the higher forms,—acutely felt the difference between the sternness of his government and the lenient rule of his two immediate predecessors. They resisted; struggled against it; and when forced to yield, yielded with no good grace or will. The hand was too strong for them.

Opinions of his method may vary now, as they varied then; it is in his favour. We don't trouble ourselves with arguing on those who, like Pope's beauties, "have no character at all." Character is strength. We don't care much for weakness. It passes; Keate had method, a system, and it so far prospered, that the twenty and odd years of his rule have formed an era in Eton life; and his name is, even now, more in men's mouths than that of

any Head-master before or since—Busby excepted—who is out of the pale of comparison.

In one respect his career as a Public man, great as it was, is singular. That he should have made enemies was a certainty; and that they should speak of him without much restraint or judgment is natural. No man, but one beyond reason, would complain of that. He himself would have been the last to say a word against it. But in his case, his very friends, warm, professing friends, with whom he lived in social, familiar intercourse, hold him up to ridicule in print; make a mock of him; show up his weaknesses, fancied or real; paint him as always in a passion, or ready to fall into one; get hold of a phrase and lash it to death; throw an air of contemptuousness over him,—and then, in counterbalance of all this wrong, praise him highly in the same breath as a man of a thoroughly estimable, kind-hearted, domestic, and affectionate nature. Discrimination nowhere.

Perhaps the most popular portrait,—at any rate the most frequently quoted even now,—though fortunately not of a friend, is that of Kinglake in *Eöthen*. Kinglake, though it is not acknowledged, must have had some strong school provocative in this case; not that in his other greater work he is over sensitive to right, or to delicate feelings; yet, it is too gross not to have originated in personal pique. In *Eöthen* he is held up more in scorn than ridicule, and represented as a cross between Napoleon and a widow-woman. “He wore a fancy dress partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, and partly that of a widow-woman.” I say nothing of the coarseness of

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what follows. It bears its own refutation in its extravagance; but as to the portrait, it is at once malignant and ignorant.

The resemblance to Napoleon is in the three-cornered hat which he wore. The widow-resemblance is in his Doctor of Divinity's gown. It is enough to say of the latter that it is the gown assigned to Doctors of Divinity, but as to the three-cornered hat, it was at the time the recognised Headmaster's gear of both the Upper and Lower Schools. Thackeray wore it as Head of the latter in Keate's time; and Goodall, George Heath, and other Heads in a long line before them. It was a costume of the time, and no more ridiculous than a Bishop's or Arch-deacon's looped-up hat in our own. How far it suited him is another matter. That may fairly be judged by his rather painful silhouette portraits.

He flourished before photographs, and no legitimate engraving of him exists that I am aware of. The common full length popular figure arose in this way. Silhouettes with persons of marked profiles were very much in fashion in the early part of this century. Where photographs of all phases, attitude, and dresses—otherwise costumes—adorn our shops and mantelpieces now, silhouettes with prominent noses, lips, and chins, in the days of our fathers contended with miniatures on ivory. They had special artists and studios; and all the principal London streets were adorned with specimen glass cases on the artists' door-posts. They were very commonly varied by grey bonnets and head-dresses, and sash or edged bodice.

But a day came when some one had either the wit and genius to cut them out on thin blackened paper, or to revive a former method; a saving both in time and expense. At any rate, cuttings became plentiful in my younger days; the Indian-ink glass cases began to vanish from the door-posts; and between the two the art and artists in that specialty perished together.

A genius of this cut-paper sort came down to Eton, and by cleverness and observation took two full-length likenesses of Provost Goodall and Keate. The sale of both was enormous, sixpence each. Every one had them, and their facsimile is the modern book representation of both. The former is admirable, both in attitude and character; but the necessities of the paper-art place the latter in an absurd position,—very nearly out of drawing. About the same time, an Italian image-man came down and modelled a tiny plaster-bust of Keate, absolutely perfect in its kind. It was also extremely popular, and had a vast sale, especially among the Fourth and Lower Fifth Oppidans, who used to set it up as a mark to soothe their feelings.

Many books, since 1834, when he resigned, have treated of Keate, but I have never seen one that has hit the true blot in his escutcheon. They have discussed and touched on various things—many very wide of the mark—with frequently a total unconsciousness of his real character or motive of action, and with an equal unconsciousness of his great error. He had, by strength of

will and very high classical reputation, an acknowledged control over the School. He had the power of raising it up to a very high standard. He could have re-modelled the whole teaching system at will. He would have met no opposition from the Provost and Governing Body of the time. In the existing state of the School they would have yielded at once without hesitation to his suggestions. He had all at his command. He was content to take the reins from his predecessor and continue his course.

He might have done great things: he did nothing. He might have raised Eton in advancement of learning far above its rivals: he let it remain just as he found it. He might have inaugurated, however slightly, the splendid system under which at the present time it exists, not only equalling, but surpassing, all other systems in the kingdom: and he seemed utterly unconscious of any ideas which might lead to it. He was wholly and solely a man of Greek and Latin. He followed: he might have led.

There are, however, one or two things which may be said in extenuation—not amounting to much, but available. Eton had an exceptionable fame far and wide for scholarship; less remarkable for depth, than as standing on a fair ground. In verses it stood unrivalled. It had sent forth a long succession of scholars who had distinguished themselves in high offices and professions, not in England alone, but in India and elsewhere.

That kind of scholarship—limited, as we now look at it—was the chief ambition in those days. It was the system as well in all the great Schools. Winchester and the rest were under the same contracted classic rule.

The educated world was content with it, and Keate was content with it too.

It may also be said, that until the Peace of 1814, or more truly in the next year, little or nothing was known of French, except in Government Offices and the home teaching of certain families. It was taught in the higher class of Schools as an extra by *émigrés*, in a very slipshod fashion, as it would naturally be by persons who had no experience whatever in teaching, and often with indifferent accent. France had been a closed country some twenty years; its recent literature was scarcely known at all, and what found its way into the country was, for the most part, atheistic or revolutionary.

There was a French teacher at Eton, a stout, dull, heavy emigrant, though a most worthy and estimable man, for any who chose to put themselves under him as an extra. German, until the whole Continent was thrown open by Waterloo, was still less known. It was a sealed book, unrecognised in any way, and there were no means of learning Italian. We had Greek and Latin, and nothing else.

There was no Euclid, for there was no Mathematical Master, either in the School or in the town. The elements of Arithmetic were taught, as an extra, by a licensed Writing Master. There was a Dancing Master—Roffey—on Saturdays; a Fencing Master—Angelo—and a Drawing Master—Evans—extras, of course; and about once in three years an authorised Lecturer—Walker—came round with his Eidouranion to teach Astronomy and the globular form of the earth. We must not say

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anything against him, for his method was the universal method of his age. I say nothing of the former. The Planets circled round the Sun with an occasional Comet intervening; but as to the latter, it was illustrated by a tall three-masted ship at sea, whose masts and yards were gradually seen rising in succession above the waves, until the deck and the entire hull came palpably into view. It was evidence in the strictest meaning of the term, as seen in the diagram; but he always forgot or omitted to tell us the height of the masts, or the exact circumference of his earth.

Such was the system. Eton taught Latin and Greek, and absolutely nothing else, and pretended to nothing else; and so a degree of extenuation may be seen in this,—but not much foresight.

One of its fruits was, that from utter ignorance of Mathematics, by far the greater part of clever boys went to Oxford: and of those who went to the other University, the lists of that time will show many in the Classical Tripos, with an absence of Wranglers, and not over many Senior Ops.

It may, though, be said in additional extenuation, that a knowledge, or some knowledge in Greek and Latin was an essential part of a gentleman's education,—especially the latter. Latin quotations were in the highest fashion. Ladies compassed a smattering of it; and when Colman told Mrs Inchbald that he would not apologise for quoting Latin in his correspondence with

her, it was little more than a courteous expression without special meaning. But with men an apt quotation stood,—and was allowed to stand fairly well in the place of argument. Capping verses was a common amusement. A little pedantic perhaps; but at any rate better than many of the inanities which have cropped up since.

In the House of Commons no great speech was considered great without Virgil or Horace in the peroration; and even Country gentlemen were not content without it, though it were only “*Consule Planco*,” or something equally forcible.

It was the test of a gentleman. Pitt, in the midst of the Great War once found himself under a quotation dilemma. He had made a great speech on Continental troubles, and in the classic vein of the time, likened them to the fatal storms raised by Æolus through Juno’s hatred of Æneas, and to the calming them by Neptune, that is England, by implication, under his government; and then, in the hurry of thought and debate, dashed into the celebrated simile:—

“*Ac veluti magno in populo, cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant (furor arma ministra.*”

And then he came to the line—

“*Tum, pietate gravem, ac meritis*”—

when he stopped, hesitated,—the application was too near—marked—presumptuous; but the whole House instantly took it up, rose, clapped hands, Whigs and Tories, and carried on the quotation as perfectly familiar

with it. That was the power of an apt Latin quotation in the days of our Fathers. Which being so, it would be unfair to blame Keate too heavily for his exaltation of these languages, considering the prevalent feeling; but he is most rigidly to be blamed for not introducing a better and more systematic course of instruction in them. It was intensely meagre.

The poetical staple of the week's work in Sixth and Fifth consisted in seventy lines of *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Satires* of Horace respectively. There were specimens of Greek poets in a separate volume. There were also sketchy extracts from prose writers of Greek and Latin prose in a volume of each respectively. These volumes were weak, poor, and without interest. Horace was in a manner the test book of the week. It was Friday's eleven-school work; and it was looked upon as a sort of literary honour to be called up in the Sixth as elucidator.

A rumour has reached me, that *Poetæ Græci* and the two *Scriptores* are on the wane, if not abolished. They ought to have been wholly re-modelled and re-cast eighty years ago on Keate's accession. In all of them there were useless parts, which from their simplicity or otherwise were never used in school.

But letting the books stand, the method of handling them was singularly defective. Every Sixth, or nearly every Sixth, had his interleaved book, and Keate had his, and the great point, when called up, was to have parallel passages, or ideas, from other authors at command. Good scholarship, but scarcely final. This interleaved knowledge went down, not exactly from

father to son, but from friend to friend; and by degrees it became stereotyped, so that in the long run one interleaved book was very much like another. That parallelism and comparison of authors and critical commentaries were the great test of scholarship in Keate's time.

It used to be a joke amongst us in construing Horace to see the perpetual conflict in Keate's mind as to the relative emendations of Bentley and Baxter. Bentley was the god of Keate's Horatian idolatry; but the name of Bentley always brought the name of Baxter into the controversy with the invariable addition: "Baxter, as usual, mistakes the sense." We used to bait our hook for that fish, and with general success.

As I have said, Keate had his interleaved; and if the construing Sixth was able to take up at once a parallel begun by him, it always elicited a gracious and genial smile. Whether the smile was gained for knowledge or the interleaved is a different affair. As to any investigation into the wealth, laws, government, resources, wars, manners, customs of ancient nations, we heard or gained in school absolutely nothing. Nasidienus' dinner was perhaps a passing exception in domestic life: and the Brundisium iter may have called forth a glimpse of the manners of friends, but I can recall no other. There might have been something said on the composition of the phalanx at the battle of Cunaxa in the *Scriptores Anabasis*. Very likely there was, or would have been, if the passage had come into the construing.

It might be supposed—and in many cases was so—that we read all these things in leisure hours for informa-

tion and amusement : and that the critical instruction brought them up to their true value. It is clear, though, that if we did not, we should have known nothing about them.

A ready answer to all this may be, that Eton under his reign sent forth first-rate Scholars ; and an equally ready rejoinder may be made, that such Scholars could not be kept back under any system. A Tutor's business is to do the best he can with all. Many will learn little or nothing. A few are above all but the highest teaching. But there is an intermediate class, the most numerous of all, which requires a sort of general careful teaching ; and we did not get it.

There was indeed an exception to this routine work, in what was called " Play " for some ten or twelve of the Sixth in Keate's Chambers. And it was a treat to hear him roll out the Choruses, and give them a form, beauty, and intention of which we had only glimpses, however bright, before. We had the rather thin, meagre Episcopal Editions of the Hecuba, Prometheus, and others ; but altogether it was an advance,—a pleasurable advance on the Upper School dryness ; but it was only in the summer and autumn fireless months ; and then, rather intermittent. So intermittent, that it was worth our while to keep a Lower boy on the Long Walk wall at the head of Keate's Lane to give notice of his coming forth or not coming forth, after a five minutes' interval from the appointed hour. At the end of that time we were authorised to disperse.

It seems ridiculous, absurd, to fasten, as all writers on

Eton have done, on trifling personalities when such a serious drawback may be laid to his charge as a weak system in his own chosen Greek and Latin. He might have introduced an enlarged and varied course, which would not only have brought out latent powers, but have excited in us a greater interest as well. He might have introduced more interesting, useful, larger, better selected extracts, new editions, in fact, both of prose writers and poets, stamped with his own imprimatur.

He failed to see it; and he failed also to see that it would have been of great and solid benefit to the Sixth and others who left him for the Universities. We see it now under the new system; and it brings conviction irresistibly home, how utterly contracted was the system under Keate and his predecessors.

Parenthetically on this subject, I venture an anecdote. A friend of mine, of the same College, sat for the Craven and lost it. He felt that the Craven was in him, but that Homer and *Scriptores Græci* were not in it; and so in the next Long Vacation he took up Thucydides hard, and to the exclusion of everything else. He made him his own; his style; his form of expression and thought; in short, imbued and inoculated his mind with him. He went in again, and won it easily. He went in on the faith of the old saying:—"Nullus draco, nisi serpentem devoraverit,"—a saying good for other things besides the Craven.

Still, although the system under Keate had the reputation of being rigid and severe, it was in reality lax throughout. Its severity was in Discipline alone. Many

of the Fifth never took the trouble to get up their construing at all. Where the necessity? Take Homer for instance. He was construed in his Tutor's Pupil-room, generally by one of the head boys there, with a tiny thread of elucidation from the Tutor. It was then construed throughout by one of the Sixth in school; and then the ruck of the Fifth were called up in a pencil-marked rotation to construe about ten lines each, with perhaps some trifling question asked—the præt.-med. of some verb in the lesson, as well as any thing else. If answered well, he probably sat down. If answered wrong, he might have a paulo-post-fut. asked to bring his memory to its senses.

A parting word on the Greek and Latin. It is very true that a considerable number of us, as we rose high in the school, found real fault with the contracted system under which we were held. It was too monotonous. And yet it must be confessed, and I dare say we did confess, that a concentration of thought and energy to the mastery of one branch of knowledge gave strength as well to other powers. You gain more from Euclid than the ability to work out problems. You gain exactness of thought in all other things. You don't put all your arguments into syllogisms from the dry study of pure Logic; but your arguments are syllogistic.

You gain more from a predominant classical education than the mere knowledge of Greek and Latin. You gain a great body of high, noble, moral thoughts. It is acknowledged that a man *unius libri*, well chosen, has a certain power denied to the general reader. The

mistake was in binding down and cramping the intellect up to twenty years of age into one groove, leaving important—perhaps more immediately important objects—to be then begun.

The concentration had its merit. It had its disadvantages. A great merit, with no disadvantage, was the saying-by-heart. In every week three seventies of Greek and Latin had to be said, besides other trifles. The facility gained by constant repetition of hundreds of lines in a language not your own was soon found to be great in itself. The lines after a time became fixed in the mind without effort—stereotyped. There was no distraction.

The frequent construing repetitions, first at Tutors', then in School, two or three times over, fixed them in the mind of any one who wished to gain a general command, indelibly. You could quote a bit here and a bit there in a shadowy sort of way; you had a vague grasp of the whole subject. You knew something about the Lotos eaters, and Ulysses bound to the mast, and Ajax fighting on the cloud, and Hector dragged round the walls, and the aged Priam's pathetic prayer at the knees of Achilles: and you could talk about them, if you so chose, after dinner to your father at home, and make any unclassic sisters of those days proud in the acquisitions of their brother,—but there the uncertain knowledge stopped.

The saying-by-heart brought the whole into unison; and a decent memory would not forget the greater part of it for years—if for ever.

And great as was the benefit, there was no great mental labour in it. It came almost without effort. You walked up and down the Cloisters after dinner some twenty minutes; conned over your seventy of Virgil—and it then mattered very little on what ten lines of Æneas' wrongs and woes you were put—or on his extremely short-comings.

Just after going to bed you put your College candlestick on the top of your bedstead, and having closed your "Plutarch's Lives,"—a great book in those times,—you ran over your Homer. You had the consecutive English well in your mind from the three or four school construlings. You got up for eight o'clock school, and trotted out your ten as if it were an invitation to the Master for breakfast. Could you have done either in this easy way without constant practice?

No; and the memory became insensibly strengthened in other things. The same effect was produced in reading History, or any other book which it was desirable to hold in memory. The stupendous memories on record, like poetry, painting, and other arts, are either from heredity, or are special gifts of brain power. The man who could read a page of newspaper through and then repeat it, advertisements and all, would not be much benefited from saying-by-heart. That Corinth is not given to every one. But lesser natures might find advantage in it; and it is the part of a sound education to bring up and give vigour to these, as well as to keep up the highest standard in others.

We were limited to constant repetitions of Greek and

Latin, and reaped the full benefit. But the saying-by-heart was in those times so thoroughly impressed and engrained as a paramount necessity, that there is no doubt if French, German, and Italian had formed part of the regular course, repetitions would have been exacted in them just the same as in the classics, and with equal benefit.

There used to be, and no doubt are, boys at Eton who have Choruses of Sophocles and the tragedians at their fingers' ends, and enjoy them. And the same with parts of Homer, Virgil, Juvenal, and others.

A boy next to me, high in the Fifth, fell to talking with his neighbour on the other side on the Odes of Horace, while the Satires were being construed in chief by a Sixth. He had closely read and got them up some two years before, and had not looked on them as a whole ever since—merely saying them by heart as they came round—but thought he could recall most of them. On request he began with the first, and prompted by the first word of each merely to mark the succession, went rapidly through them during the whole school-time, without pause or error in a single word, and would have gone through the Epodes, if there had been time.

I will quote one instance more. Sidney Walker in the Sixth was called up in Homer. He rose and construed on correctly and well, answering all questions, until in a certain line he read some insignificant particle wrong. Keate's ears were up; he made him read the line again, and curious, apparently, to know what edition

it was in, told him to hand up his copy. It was no Homer, but some book in English. Keate was posed and pleased, but with good taste suffered him to finish the construe as he had begun. In point of fact Walker knew the Iliad, or perhaps most of it, by heart.

While in the Fifth he had published a poem, "Gustavus Vasa," which had gained Quarterly and Edinburgh praise. He was well known after he left, and had a remarkable career at Cambridge.

I dare say there are at Eton those of the same caste of mind who could alike distinguish themselves *memoriter*. But the claim does not seem ill founded, that the constant habit of learning passages of Greek and Latin gives a robustness to the memory which has its advantage in after-life. Those languages have a force and influence not always apparent to careless reasoners; and so—build on them what you please, but let the foundation in them be broad, solid, and deep.

I remember a boy who had neglected himself, and who was terribly frightened at the prospect of the Posers in Election Chamber, taking up Mitford's Greece. He had shuffled off his sayings-by-heart as well as he could to his actual ten lines as they came round, and naturally distrusted his memory, and so he read every page twice as he went along. He thus read the eight volumes twice over. He was wanting in the very groundwork, and broke down, as might have been expected, in Election Chamber.

It may be granted without scruple that Keate fell far short of what he might have accomplished. But without

trenching further on debatable ground, it may also be held as incontrovertible that he raised and gave the school a wider and a higher national character than it ever had possessed before, not even excepting the days when George III. with his sons would walk down from Windsor and chat with the boys almost indiscriminately, and that he left it in a stability which enabled successive Heads to bring it into the state of free and noble progress which now characterises it.

I think that may be unquestionably claimed for Keate. Perhaps, too, a claim might reasonably be made that a little less ribaldry should be attached to his name from professing friends. A ribaldry, too, as coarse as it is untrue. He had peculiarities, some very marked ; most men have, and nothing is easier than to caricature them. He was quick and sharp in speech ;—but he was not always in a rage ; and he was open to a sense of the humorous.

I remember him once at a four o'clock Absence after Chapel. All the Upper School were close round him as usual, while the Præposter called out the Collegers' names first. In the midst of the throng stood a tall, fashionable person, Lady Elizabeth P——, immediately surrounded by boys and friends of the family. She stood some three or four yards off—perhaps five—and holding a largish “spy-glass” of the time to her eye, deliberately fixed it on Keate in a long, nonchalant, motionless stare. The boys laughed, and looked at Keate ; and Keate with a good-humoured and amused

smile bore it all through the Absence, enjoying the joke quite as much as the boys did. A very trifle ; but with a meaning nevertheless. We may pass to a stronger characteristic.

Any one can, popularly, imitate Keate by the simple iteration on iteration of the phrase, "I'll flog you,"—perfect in general idea, if accompanied with a loud, coarse, barking kind of cough. It is not difficult to do, either in phrase or cough ; and it has spread far and wide as a truthful representation. It has, though, its disadvantage. I venture to say, that Keate, *proprio motu*, scarcely flogged a boy in a half, even if he did that. Such culprits were not in his way. The only part of the School which he had under him were the Sixth and Upper Fifth ; and they were both above the flogging line in any ordinary work and standing.

But then, say his friends, these threats were out of School, when he came on culprits in his walks up town, or in the neighbourhood. I make another venture to say that Keate was not seen walking or riding in Windsor or up Eton twice in any term—if that.

When he went out he mostly rode, and started out Dorney way, or to some parts of the country out of the usual haunts of the boys, glad to get rid of them probably ; and followed the same plan when he walked. If he lighted on any fellows out of bounds, they simply shirked, and he rode on without taking any more notice than any one of the Masters would have done.

If they were in mischief, it was another thing ; and on

one occasion in one of his walks he lighted on two or three indulging in that luxury. It was no use to shirk, he came upon them too suddenly ; and so they scampered off with their heads down, regardless of the loud, angry summons which followed them in these remarkable terms : "Come back ! come back ! I know who you are. I shall soon find you out !" It was not a logical summons ; but I make myself responsible for its truth to the very letter.

He might, and did occasionally fall in with offenders of a higher grade in the country, and he flogged them right well, and deservedly. But nothing has influence in arresting the "I'll flog you" legend as a daily occurrence, a thing always on his lips. I will risk a parabolic illustration, which, if not true, will be allowed by all friends and admirers of Keate to run on the purest lines of verisimilitude.

"One morning Keate, turning suddenly out of his lane, lighted on a little boy hurrying along with a roll and butter on a plate, cup and saucer, and in the cup a small milk jug. 'Stop ! come here ! what's your name ? where are you going ?' came rapidly from the Head-Master's lips.

" 'Please, sir, I'm going to breakfast with Puxley at Knapp's.' 'Go back to your Dame's, sir ! I'll have no boys breakfasting out. Who's your Dame ? She ought to know better. I'll flog you ! Go back, sir !' "

I conceive that to be in the truest illustrative spirit of Eton men, who had been under his care, and who would imitate his manner and record his ways.

In this present year, 1891, while I am writing, the following anecdote was given by a person of highest legal rank in playful illustration of the phrase at a great dinner of old Etonians. In the course of replying to a toast, and acknowledging that he himself had often come under the rod, he said—

“I will conclude with a story for which Bishop Browne is my authority. Some one had complained to Keate that the theology and the Christian teaching at Eton was not satisfactory. Keate feeling the force of that criticism, addressed the boys somewhat in this fashion: ‘Boys! you should always be pure in heart, whatever difficulties surround you; whatever temptations assail you, you must always be pure in heart, and if you are not pure in heart, I’ll flog you!’”

It was of course received with loud cheers and acclamations, rattling of glasses, and so on; no one seeming to think that its unlikelihood, not to say impossibility, was only equalled by its utter stupidity.

Still I can readily imagine a man saying to his fellow down the table:—“That’s Keate himself,” and his fellow saying to man:—“to the very life!”

In point of fact, in the light of castigation, he was simply a minister “des hautes œuvres”: and had no more to do with the fatal slips of paper brought up to him every school time from the Masters, than the Præpostor who presented them. His ideas of the efficacy of the birch-tree may have been strong. No doubt they were. His own panacea with those immediately under him was not the rod, but “imposition,” locally termed

“pœna”: and was oftentimes of readiness and considerable smartness.

A youth, called up unexpectedly, ran off a line of Horace in a hurry, as, “Rapula, lactucæ, radīces.” “Radīces!” quoth Keate; “write out the page of the Gradus with all the quantities marked”—a work of considerable time and patience. It was a shocking blunder no doubt; but with some excuse from the absurd Eton way of turning longs into shorts, as felīcibus, radīcibus; and shorts into longs, as arma vīrumque cāno;—but probably all that is changed for the better now.

The writer can give two instances in which he was himself interested, and in which flogging would have been perfectly legitimate and expected,—but which fell under “imposition.”

On a Sunday summer’s evening he was beguiled into listening to the Guards’ and Blues’ Bands on Windsor Terrace for a minute beyond the last minute, and so came rushing down town to find himself too late for lock-up. A mortal offence, to be reasonably expiated by the two and ten. He stated the case plainly to Keate. “Say by heart the second chapter of the Ephesians in Greek to-morrow morning in my Chambers.” It was said, and there was an end of it; though the appropriateness does not exactly lie upon the surface, except that it was of twenty-two verses, and rather hard to the memory in consecutive doctrine to a Fifth Form boy.

On another occasion, the writer with two of his friends, instead of the rod, had to turn Blair’s Sermon on the

"Duties of the Young" into Latin by a specified day. It was no joke. We sat up all the night before at the Lower fire-place of the Long, after supper, with strong relays of green tea and a good fire, and finished it just,—and only just as Cartland came in at seven o'clock in the morning to call the Long into life.

He cannot, with prolonged effort, recall the exact nature of the offence,—except that it was some strong infraction of Discipline: and hence the appropriateness of Blair's text:—but both instances militate a little against the favourite phrase,—"I'll flog you."

There was, without gainsaying, a great deal of the rod in those years, both in the Upper and Lower Schools; and in a general way after every school-time (except the eight which only consisted of saying-by-heart) a lively crop of convicts assembled in the Library to be made better boys. But for the most part they belonged to a class,—idle dogs, chiefly from the Fourth,—who would not learn, and cared not to be flogged even twice a day, if it so happened, and to whom it was neither punishment nor disgrace.

They were flogged; but they hadn't to do their four verses, or Dictionary work in "*Selecta è profanis*" &c., and the balance of good was clearly on their own side in their own minds.

The execution hour was an amusement, and there was usually a large attendance of Fourths and Removes, with a scanty sprinkling of Lower Fifths, to see their friends under the amelioration system, and to note how they bore it. Occasionally an Upper Fifth came under the triangle

and the attendance in that case was considerably enlarged. But the ordinary system was a thorough farce, and was so treated by Keate.

Now and then it strayed outside the routine, as when Sir Harry Goodricke, high in the Fifth, was under the castigation of ten for some tandem work or other; and, to the delight of the Fourth Form spectators, he counted the cuts aloud as they were given—one, two, three, and so on; but when they came to the sixth, and second rod, his counting went up in high tones of the utmost astonishment to the tenth, which was given in a voice and manner as if he could not have believed it. Keate took no sort of notice.

There were certain names to be found continuously in the slips of paper, and the five regulation cuts were as nonchalantly given as nonchalantly taken. It is perfectly true that on one occasion Keate found a name down with no culprit to answer to it; but, looking round on the attendance, he saw one of his usual clients of the correct name, and called on him to come forward. The client protested that he was not in the bill, it was his brother. Whether Keate did not believe him, or whether he would not be defrauded of his Voules, and so make his list imperfect, is uncertain; he insisted; and, giving him a playful tap on the shoulder with the bushy end of the rod, brought him to a right sense of the case.

Such a thing may read very seriously in books and family circles in the country. At the time, it was only regarded by Præpostor and all present as a grim bit of

Keate: Habit of Disbelieving. 179

humour, except the innocent victim—who, if innocent, did not resist; and it was said that he only anticipated the next school-time, when, of course, he was let off.

Apropos of the supposed flogging mania, and in some degree accounting for its widely-spread currency, a disagreeable trait in Keate's character should not be omitted. It was in his unfortunate and inveterate disinclination to receive the word of anyone, though high in the School, in the first instance. A shade of disbelief, however slight, but still a shade, invariably passed over his countenance at the commencement of any explanation whatsoever. It was probably gained in his experience as Master in the Lower School. The writer would fain say nothing in any way in dispraise of Eton; but the love of truth itself compels him to say that in his day, eighty years ago, the first idea of most Lower boys, if not all, Oppidan or Collegier, in the face of contrarities of all sorts, was to get rid of them by the first words that came on the tongue. And so arose a thorough disbelief in any of the Lower class without elaborate proof of truthfulness.

This disbelief, though, was not confined to Keate. The first idea in any Tutor's mind on taxing a Lower boy with a fault would probably be—"He'll get out of it if he can."

This, amongst many other things, may seem strange at the present day, when such a totally different system is pursued; but a broad line was drawn between Masters

and the School in general. They rarely met, and had nothing in common.

And so, when boys of this second order were brought before him on complaint of Tutor, Dame, or otherwise, the threat of flogging *did* form a rapid and ready mode of quickening replies and bringing matters to a right conclusion, and was very often used. Stern he undoubtedly was on such occasions. His cross-examinations were not mild: they seldom are. Colonels, magistrates, and others in responsible authority, now and then use sharp words and threats to express their thoughts, without an imputation on their whole nature. Barristers are not always gentle; and Keate, on occasion, used hard words. But to suppose that he went about scattering his "I'll flog you's" right and left is a myth, and a very stupid one. It is a censure on common sense.

I say it in no extenuation, but there is no doubt that Keate's presence, and the idea of being brought before him, often caused a feeling little short of terror, and weak impressions of morality would arise in consequence. He had studied the lower Eton nature well; and he had made a law to himself upon it. It was not a good one; and on that point it must be confessed that he was far inferior to Dr Arnold, who always *seemed* to credit the words which he knew to be untruthful. He would not believe, apparently, that anyone could descend to a falsehood, and it bore its legitimate fruit, for the boys themselves, after a time, used to say, "It's a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he believes one so," and lies ceased by common consent.

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Keate, though, did not always disbelieve. On one occasion he had felt it right to administer a sharp and severe word-castigation to a Sixth. It was listened to with respectful silence. No extenuation was pleaded, no mitigation suggested; and on its conclusion the offender admitted his fault, but touchingly added: "You know, sir, that I regard you as a father." Keate hesitated for a moment. "I believe you do," and not a word more was said. It seemed almost prophetic. The anticipatory son subsequently married one of his daughters.

These things, like others spoken of before, are trifles; true; scarcely worth recording, perhaps; and trifles do not build up a character, but they help greatly in making it.

To return to the rod-character. Wilkinson, in his interesting book, has recorded a nocturnal flagellation which far outstrips all others in interest and numbers. The victims were some hundred boys, and the process lasted from ten at night till one in the morning. The strategy employed in their conquest was worthy of a General in a campaign. But it would almost appear that these events recur in cycles.

Dr Geo. Heath had his seventy, and inadvertently administered ten to each with a will, sparing neither himself nor his young friends. I have it on sure domestic authority that he was laid up with aches and pains for more than a week. He was not young. Keate had his seventy-two—a beneficent preparation for the hundred—but, as the offence was not great, he prudently contented himself with the normal five of those days. There was no medium—it was five with one or ten with two.

The offence was on this wise. On regular weeks—when no Saint's Day gave an additional half on the eve and a whole on the day—the Sixths and Fifth had to do a Latin epigram of four lines on Mondays, set at the three o'clock school and shewn up at the five. They were thrown, in passing by to their places, into a heap at the side of one of the Masters' desks, and were given to him by a Præpostor.

It was well understood that they were never shewn up in school like other exercises. The Master took them home, and it was equally understood that he never took the trouble or the interest to look at them. And so it happened that three or four clever fellows ran off the four lines at a tangent, and passed them to their friends, they to others, so that the effect in the end was that the whole mass of epigrams bore a marvellous similitude to each other.

It so chanced that on a certain day the Master, in carrying them home, either had the curiosity to see what they were made of, or his eye lighted on the opening of two of them, but, finding them the same, he thought he would look through the rest. He found seventy-two epigrams with only three or four authors.

Any attempt to separate these from the copyists he knew would be utterly useless; and, if he should be able to do so, the poets would still be implicated as principals. His plain duty was to lay them before Keate.

Keate made short work of it. He devoted the whole seventy-two to the block after the next school-time.

It was a grand scene in the Library. It is not a large

Keate: Kinglake's Views. 183

room; but it had benches all round, and a largish oak table in the middle. The floor was covered with victims; the benches and table with spectators; upwards of a hundred present. The Lower boys were delighted to see their Masters whipped. The Masters had a sort of delight in seeing among them those who had passed through all their previous scholastic life unwhipped, and had prided themselves upon it, and jests and laughter accompanied the execution.

It was hard for the poets to find themselves under sentence for having done their epigrams. But five went on after five in the gentlest of fives—and the whole matter, in point of fact, was looked upon as a gigantic joke; and I am very much mistaken if, from his manner—for I was among the interested of the lower class of spectators—Keate did not himself look on it much in the same light.

The writer is no apologist for Keate, or panegyrist either. He has no right to be so in any one relation of Eton life—but he owns to be an observer—and as an observer alone he writes.

Kinglake has written of him as being habitually of an atrocious temper in—so to say—rather unbecoming language. It is clear that he never came across him except planet-wise in a very distant orbit; and never, unless under peculiar circumstances, within close attraction.

For instance, he never could have been included in the

invitations to breakfast, which were now and then given to ten or twelve at a time among the Sixth and Fifth ; for nothing could have been more courteous and genial than the host on those mornings, full of pleasant talk ; full of anecdote ; full of Eton allusions ; and endeavours to bring out his guests. He was, apparently, not the same person. Every trait of severity had vanished. We asked him all sorts of questions with the utmost freedom on things past and present—distant or near ; and to sum up all in a word, the talk was without effort and general.

Oh, yes ! it might be said, all that was a matter of course. He was then in the character of host. Let us turn, then, to something very different.

It was a prevailing custom amongst all forms occasionally to “stay out.” The phrase means to avoid all school for the day, or days, under Dame’s certificate of illness, or incapability. One had a cold—or fancied he had one, and his Dame was requested to certify it—a most common complaint in all the forms, only equalled in frequency by the “sore throat,” and sometimes accompanying it. The sufferer stayed out of school, presumably in his Dame’s house all day ; not always.

But sometimes there was a disinclination to school on a particular day, generally a whole school-day, and the cold or the sore throat rose up without warning ; seldom on a half holiday, and never, as far as I can recollect, on a whole one.

Or it might happen that the sleep had been heavy, and the idea of rising had its objections. In that case, I

believe, the sore throat was generally called in aid as more likely to appear with suddenness, and the sufferer appeared at his Dame's between eight o'clock school and breakfast with something woollen, or his pocket-handkerchief, wound lightly around his neck.

That was the Collegiate form of the malady. In the Dame's house itself the maid was the intermedium between the sufferer and the Dame; and the Dame relied—not always wisely—on the medical intelligence of the agent.

Colds are sometimes troublesome to cure, and sore throats may sometimes lead to greater evils, but neither seemed to offer an insuperable objection to writing out and translating all the lessons of the day, a heavyish work. And that, short of medical certificate—and good medical certificate too—was Keate's almost invariable answer to the Dame's certificates of colds, and sore throats, and other unspecified ills.

It happened once on a time that Charles Fox Townshend, while in the Fifth, stayed out, and received the usual desire of Keate, that he would write out and translate all the lessons of the day. He sent word back by the Præpostor who brought the desire, that "he should do nothing of the kind."

Keate's face grew red. He said nothing, but at once put on his hat and stalked down to Dame Ragueneau's in all haste to confront and overwhelm the dissentient.

Townshend was summoned into the parlour, and appeared quietly in his dressing-gown. Keate broke out in his loudest tones, probably of invective; as the boys

said, who listened outside for the fun, he roared at him ; at any rate he spoke loudly with a strong sense of offended dignity.

Townshend patiently waited for the first full stop,—or it might be semicolon, and then gently requested him “*not to talk so loud,*”—for he was not well ; his nerves were weak ; it gave him the headache ; and that if he had been equal to give attention to school work, he should not have invalidated himself.

Perhaps he had a persuasive tone ; perhaps Keate saw that he was really unwell. At any rate he listened quietly ; took no sort of notice of his reproof : and without entering on any debatable ground, told him in the end to take care of himself, and with a few kind words left him.

Whether he was amused at the boy’s coolness, or believed in his invalidism is open to conjecture ; but without doubt he passed out of Ragueneau’s in a milder frame of mind than when he entered it, and was not unreasonable in the interview.

That same Ragueneau was a male Dame or Dominie ; at least the lady never appeared, and he seldom stirred out of Eton. On one occasion, after the Summer or Election holidays, Ben Drury, who had been travelling as far and wide on the Continent, or elsewhere, as the time permitted, in passing Ragueneau’s house on his way home, and seeing him standing at his door, stopped his post-chaise, and leaning out saluted him, and asked the news, and what they had all been doing with themselves in the holidays. “Damn ’em ; they’ve ris the bread,” was the answer. Drury drove on.

A story similar in construction is told of a Mr Arthur who parenthetically was paid out of partnership in his firm with £10,000 one morning for continued and thoughtless bidding at the Custom House tea sales. The immediate cause of offence was, that he commonly bid a farthing or half a farthing instead of a farthing's lower fraction. He was the guest of Dr Drury, Ben's father, at Cockwood, Starcross; his seat after his retirement from Harrow; he had come down from London on a visit.

He arrived late, and had only just time to rush into the Drawing-room before dinner, where a large party of country gentry were assembled.

"Mr Arthur," said Dr Drury in his pompous way, to cover his confusion, "and what are they saying in London?" "Well, not much; but Pepper's looking up."

I have seen something similar, I fancy, in print; but I love pure History. I have this through one present.

It was pleasant to any one who was not utterly prejudiced against Keate, and who never spoke of him without some opprobrious appellation,—of whom there were many,—it was pleasant, I say, to see him unbend to his Division after the extreme austerity of his manner at lessons, if he had anything agreeable to announce to them. His whole heart had been in the lesson work; features stern; voice harsh; intolerant of the slightest mistake; captious; rough; exacting.

The lesson over, his manner completely changed; he was low-voiced and courteous; if he had any good tidings

for them, it was with a sort of amused smile, as if in the consciousness of having something agreeable to say.

Among the pleasant announcements was the annual one of the Fourth of June. Boats of all kinds, and punts were wholly forbidden,—ignored, and could not, logically, be touched upon. That was the law, and yet the Fourth of June, as all the world knew, would be celebrated by the procession of boats up to Surley Hall; and that there had been unceasing practice of the eights all the half. It was known, too, that there would be a grand display of fire-works, afterwards, on the river, at Windsor, and that Lock-up would be, as always, advanced to the Oppidans from a quarter to nine to ten o'clock; and Keate had to announce it.

After an appropriate allusion to the celebration of the birthday of George III., who had been so great a patron to Eton, he touched on the prolongation to ten o'clock. As he couldn't mention the boats, he had to give some reason or other for the indulgence. He laughingly said,—he couldn't see why leave should be extended to ten o'clock; but supposed there was a Cricket match, or something of that sort going on at that time:—at which there was a booing and laughter which might have been heard through the open windows half over Eton. Keate bore it all with faint deprecation: waited till the hubbub was over, and with a few more words dismissed them.

Now the writer has never seen that recorded in any of the books on Keate; and yet it was an annual trait of good nature. There was no need for the supposition of a cricket-match at ten o'clock at night; nor that there

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was an annual match on the Fourth of June; for the suggestion was always the same, and always looked-for. He might have baldly given the leave and have done with it. He took the opportunity, instead, of having a little familiarity with the boys, which, to do them justice, was always felt and appreciated.

At "Prose," too, on Sundays, it was the same; frightfully desecrating the day, it is true, but indicating a different temper from the normal one ascribed to him.

After his customary reading of a few pages of Blair's, he had to give out the work and recreations of the week. The latter, up to Waterloo inclusive, were very frequent; whole holidays celebrating every victory, and late leave out at night given to see the Windsor illuminations, besides other indulgences of different kinds, which, in those days, followed very closely upon each other. The row,—the booing,—the acclamations,—the foot scrapings, which accompanied each announcement were simply deafening, and were prolonged beyond all reason.

Keate bore it all in the best humour,—making faint efforts, or apparent efforts, to stop it, but never succeeding. It was a custom, and he gave way to it.

It has been said that it was uncontrollable,—a rash saying. His "iron will," backed by a few rod-decimations of prominent offenders, and a general sense of its impropriety among the higher boys, would in no very long time have effected its total abolition. In point of fact, it was looked upon as a bit of fun, nothing more. Keate of course disapproved; but let it run on from indolence, or long usage; perhaps from both; certainly not from the atrocious temper too generally ascribed to him.

posed. He knew as well as H. N. C. that spring-guns were wholly illegal. A pause. We were all on tip-toe for a row, for his features worked. Not a bit of it. "Come into my Chambers after Absence," and Absence went on as usual.

"Well! how did it end?" was rapidly asked by his friends, as soon as he returned to the Long. "Are you to be put down to the Fifth? What's your imposition?"

"Nothing simpler. Keate knew that he was not right in law, but he wished to save Badajoz from further damage, and the Lower boys from doing foolish things, which might lead to complications; and he didn't relish being contradicted before his people; but it has ended well, and nothing could be more kind and gracious than he was."

And that was what we all found as we rose in school. If we did anything wrong—no matter what it was—he came down with what we used to call a "swingeing imposition;" or a sledge-hammer of sudden word-wrath, suitable or in proportion to the occasion. It might sometimes be unpleasant, but it was not unreasonable, if sometimes in excess. But so long as we did well, or simply kept within rules, he was easily accessible; listened to anything we had to say, and considerate. But he would brook no familiarity. He would stand no nonsense. Woe to the unhappy wight who took the ghost of a liberty with him. There would be no loss of time to him, in finding his mistake.

In that respect he was in strong contrast with his

successor, Dr Hawtrey, who, in the thorough amiability of his temper and nature, seemed to think a liberty with him an impossibility.

On a certain day in eleven o'clock school, four or five of the Sixth seemed remarkably struck with something in the rose of the chandelier nearly opposite to them; they nudged each other, pointed to the ceiling, and whispered remarks. At last Hawtrey had his attention drawn to them; looked up to the ceiling, and asked what it was. "The first of April, sir!" was the answer.—"Silly"—and the construing went on without further remark. It would admit of wide conjecture in resolving what Keate would have done with these first of April worthies.

On the 5th November 1812, Lord Sunderland thought fit to celebrate the evening of the day with a few squibs and crackers in Keate's front lawn. Within five minutes of the assembling of the Upper Division at eleven o'clock on the 6th, the heir of the Dukedom had full liberty to play with fire-works in any part of the United Kingdom—Eton excepted. Not flogged. Publicly expelled.

But when things went smoothly, he was kind in manner, ready, as in higher Courts, to smile at poor jests, and pass unusual things in school-work, if witty, or intended to be so. For instance, Curzon, in a copy of verses on the ways and dangers of cities—supposedly after the manner of Juvenal—put "Io pulvis!" explaining it for the London cry of "Dust, ho!" Keate passed it with a smile, thumb-nailing it after his manner, and so

would pass any other witticisms of a similar kind with similar good-nature.

All these things, as already said, are nothing by themselves ; and are only recorded to show that he was not the Ogre of modern books ; and that if he was of a mixed nature, the harsher part was exaggerated on motive. Indeed, a friend and connection of Wilkinson said of him : "The old 'Baffin' was, I believe, the greatest impostor of the age. For twenty-seven years he suppressed his natural kindness of heart, and played the part of 'ferocious Doctor Busby' in support of his theory, that the education and management of boys is to be carried out by intimidation rather than encouragement." That goes rather beyond the mark ; and would place him as living under a false, fictitious, or assumed character, whichever epithet you may choose. His character, though mixed, was natural in all. He was quick-tempered, and on occasion showed it. He was kindly-tempered, and on occasion showed it. The occasion called forth either. But there was nothing fictitious or assumed in the matter. Above all things, he was open, as the occasion offered. He "suppressed" nothing. The friend's opinion was both weak and superficial.

Lyte, in his admirable book, says : "Dr Keate ruled the school with unrivalled vigour for full a quarter of a century ; and he will never be forgotten by any who were brought into contact with him." A rather Delphian summing up.

Etoniana's idea of him is, that, "as he flogged half the ministers, bishops, generals, and dukes of the present

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century, we must not hold lightly of him !” Not much to the purpose, and under a wrong supposition ; rather silly. It seems to suppose, or nearly so, that every one who went to Eton was flogged. There were scores on scores in my time who passed through without the most distant approach to the rod. Taken as a rule, the victims were for the most part a clique of ne’er-do-weels, mostly from the Fourth Form and Remove, who, as has already been said, cared nothing for the punishment, and were insensible to the disgrace. Twice in the day was common : and I remember Keate sending away a boy with a wave of the rod, unwhipped, who had come up for the third time. Of course there were other reasons for the infliction besides lessons ; but as far as they were concerned, they were a farce to any boy of moderate ability and application, *after* the Fourth Form. That was the true crux. The work was unduly sudden from the Lower school, and unduly hard in consequence. But boys passed unscathed through that, as well as through other forms. And as there always was in the school a large proportion of brisk and clever fellows, it would be absurd to class them, even in idea, with the Library boys. I should too, have fancied, that bishops and ministers would not have felt overgrateful to Etoniana for his fiat. But I must be wrong in that ; for it would seem to be assumed in all Eton dinners and gatherings, that every one present, highest and lowest, who had been under Keate, had been flogged by him, and was rather proud of it too ! It is a great mistake ; but it amuses.

Enough perhaps has been said on the genial part of Keate's character. It shall be closed with one triviality more.

On Theatre nights in the Long, the side-scenes and many of the properties, which had been stowed elsewhere, were run under the bedsteads for convenience' sake in the short time allowed for setting up the whole between eight and lock-up. In the hurry some of them were more or less imperfectly concealed.

Keate always came into the Long about seven or half-past in the winter months, to call Absence. As we were only morally shut up at 6.30, the outer doors being open, and had freedom outside from 8 to 8.30, it was within the range of possibility that some adventurous persons might not come in at all before 8.30. The intermediate Absence was a check to them.

While he was stalking down in the middle of the Long calling Absence, with the Præpostor at his side, his eye caught some of these things sticking out. He asked what they meant. The Præpostor, taken aback, muttered something vaguely and indistinctly about "amusement." Keate, taking no notice of his embarrassment, quietly said that perhaps the winter evenings *were* rather long, —or something to that effect, for the Præpostor in his flurry forgot the exact words. He then went on calling out the names, glancing on each side, as he went, at the ill-concealed properties, and took his departure as usual, without another word. As a matter of course, he knew all about it, as well as the nights of performance,—perhaps the very pieces. We didn't think so then:

but Cartland no doubt kept him up to the mark in information.

On a similar occasion, as he was calling Absence on a winter's evening, he lighted on a large four-folded screen, which we, the Liberty, had hired and drawn round the Lower fire-place. We had answered our names from afar; but stood up of course as he drew down toward us. He peered within; laughingly made us an ironical bow, and said—“*Quite* a new thing!” as if an unheard-of luxury, and passed on. He was a very Spartan in the amenities of boy life,—and would not have tolerated umbrellas, greatcoats, mufflers, &c., under the certificate of Sir Hen. Halford himself.

In estimating Keate's character, it must not be overlooked, that in the case of a very considerable part of the School, he was never spoken of, except under some insolently familiar or opprobrious name,—of which he was perfectly cognisant, and that he always stood, like Esau, with hands against him. If he knew that there were some who looked up to him with unfeigned respect, and were proud of the status to which he had raised the School in the eyes of the world, he knew that there were others who would hesitate at nothing to ridicule, annoy, or injure him. And this, not with the very remotest attempt to understand or appreciate his character; but simply because he was a strict and stern disciplinarian, and would be obeyed.

His assistant Masters, easy-going and estimable men, were in constant and familiar contact with their pupils, knew their peculiarities, and often favoured them; seldom,

if ever, sent them up to punishment for Pupil-room offences or irregularities. Sometimes they addressed them only by pet names. Sometimes they used familiar action as well as names. Such was the habit of a well-read and estimable Tutor in my time—Yonge,—who used to pull the ears, playfully, of his pupils, as Napoleon pulled those of his Marshals, and added—“*we* must be whipped,”—but with the received meaning of Frederic the Great to his erring soldier: “My friend, either you or I must be shot.” My Tutor also went in for ears. He would say to a culprit of the minor order: “Bring your ears here,” and the culprit would be fortunate in the belief that he had any ears afterwards.

It only means constant and familiar intercourse, of which Keate had none. He had no pupils; not a single boy ever came before him to be individually taught. He was as much removed and above the whole body of his scholars as a Judge is removed and above the barristers who practise under him. The contrast was most disadvantageous to him under his system; for he stood alone, with an under-current constantly running against him. Alone in the light of familiar intercourse. He had his favourites; but they were only so intellectually. Any *really* clever youth had influence with him. It was seen in a thousand ways; in the tone of his voice; in a graciousness of manner in which he listened to his answers to questions, and the treasures of his interleaved; and in a thousand ways too fleeting and insignificant to describe. They were in all classes. No one could be a less respecter of persons. Among all the

hard sayings said of him, no one has ventured to taunt him with that. It was Tros Tyriusve on their own merits, Prime Minister's or Curate's son had equal, and no more than equal approach to his good will.

During many years nothing had taken place which could come under the term of troubles; vexations now and then,—but no troubles. I believe there was a sort of cabal, outbreak, or what not, on Keate's accession in 1809; but in 1818 he had to face a stupid disturbance, which was exalted by the actors at the time with the title of Rebellion. He faced it with great dignity. He had expelled a stalwart boy in the Fifth, of the name of Marriott. The offence was never generally known, or indeed sought for; probably some violent breach of discipline; but whatever it was, his friends resented the expulsion, and considered it harsh and unjust.

It created a fretful, angry feeling during the week, which grew to a head at "Prose," on the following Sunday. Keate was reading in his loud, determined manner, his customary portion of Blair, when, on a sudden, from one of the Lower desks near the door, where all below the Sixth and Fifth were congregated, there arose in the air a stentorian voice, "Where's Marriott?" There was no Præpostor in that part on Sundays, as was usual on week days. Keate took no notice, but read on.

Presently the same voice arose, "Where's Marriott?" Keate finished the reading at the next full stop; gave

out the work for the week, accompanied by a third cry, as if nothing unusual had occurred, and left, calm outwardly and composed, as he would have left on any other Sunday.

Of course he was aware of the feverish feeling on the subject of the expulsion; and doubtless expected some demonstration; but of the when, or the how, he was necessarily ignorant. He was prepared to meet it whenever it came. It was never generally known from whom the voice proceeded. Surmise gave it to Marriott himself; but there were plenty of young fellows with loud voices capable of the insult.

During the next day or two there was considerable disquiet. Nearly the whole school assembled at all leisure hours in the Long Walk and its vicinity; the majority as spectators, a small minority divided into agents of mischief, or sympathisers with agents. At last, some one, more mischievous than the rest, threw a stone, and broke one of the windows of a Master's house opposite—Green's. It so happened that, though the most inoffensive of all the Masters, he was unpopular. The train was fired, and in the course of half an hour, not a single pane in front of the house was unbroken.

There was bad management throughout. The Masters ought to have come forward and claimed their pupils; it would have broken its neck at once. The Sixth might at any time have stopped it. One or two might have sympathised,—for there are chance dissentients in all communities;—but they could have ordered all the Lower forms to their houses, and have dealt with the

remainder by isolating and separating them into friends and foes. After the act of violence, it became serious. They looked passively on.

Neither Keate nor the Masters came on the scene, and the day closed with no other outrage. On the following day, the Masters passed quietly into school, and the usual work went on as in peaceable times, with one remarkable exception, that during that week of disturbance and disquiet, not a single boy was flogged, either in the Upper or Lower Schools.

Some of the Tutors—the writer's among the rest—acted injudiciously. Instead of calmly reasoning with their pupils, and leading them by considerate words, they assembled them in their dining-rooms; placed a sheet of foolscap and pen and ink before them, and desired them to write their names under a heading, that they were perfectly free from all taint; that they had not, and would not have anything to do with the so-called "rebellion."

That was a species of Sorites which was very far from our taste. We, of course, knew amongst ourselves who were in any way implicated, opinion or otherwise, and refused to denounce them by exhaustion.

My Tutor, a weak man, was furious at only seeing one or two names of little fellows in the Lower School on the document, who were made to write them for fun, and those without any heading. We explained to him, that by signing such a paper we should acknowledge ourselves capable of such folly, which we declined to do. Satisfied or not with our reason, the interview ended,

and before the end of the week the whole affair came to a head.

Five boys, three Oppidans and two Collegers, had resolved on a plan. The latter met on the Friday evening, and matured it. What the three Oppidans did, I do not know ; but what the Collegers did was this—

They had caught,—that is, poached with night-lines, a large jack in Lady Thomond's ponds between Slough and Stoke, and laid out a supper in Carter's Chamber. Two or three well-wishers to the cause, or supposed ones, were invited to the feast. The following day was a half-holiday, with three o'clock Chapel. At ten o'clock when all the school, Masters and all, were at breakfast, the five marched quietly from the Lower School Passage to the Upper School with a sledge hammer concealed under one of the gowns, and knocked down and smashed Keate's broad desk, with its two doors and panels ; laid them down as a flooring, and went off on tiptoe as quietly as they came.

Eleven o'clock school. The upper part was filled with Sixth and Fifth ; the lower part with the three divisions of the Fourth. A dead silence. Presently Keate came through the Library in his usual manner ; mounted the steps ; stood on the smashed panels ; opened his book, and called up one of the Sixth to construe, not taking the slightest notice of the débris around him ; no change of voice or manner ; no sort of indication that there was anything out of the common routine. The usual number of the Fifth were afterwards called up. They construed in the ordinary way,

and the school ended. We looked silently at each other. What could it all mean?

The Præpostor, later on in the day, was ordered to summon every Form into the Upper School after Chapel. It was done. Keate stood on his dilapidated desk, and the whole staff of Masters lined the room throughout on either side. The climax had come.

After a short interval, which in truth seemed rather long, Keate, looking chiefly to the Sixth, as if in tacit reproof, gave a firm, measured address, not at all in anger, rather an appeal to common sense, and on the folly of supposing that any grievance, real or imaginary, could be remedied by violence and subversion of all discipline.

He then called on three Oppidans and two Collegers to stand up. He named them as deeply implicated in the disgraceful scenes of the last few days, but as the sole actors in the outrage personal to himself. It was impossible that they could remain in the school, and they were therefore publicly expelled. He appealed to the Masters, who at once bowed assent.

The five walked out in perfect silence, without sign, good or bad, from any one. And then a painful incident arose. After a few remarks suitable to what had just taken place, Keate was expressing a hope that things might revert to their former order, and that the events of the last week would be forgotten, when a Sixth, son or brother of the Sir Lawrence Palk of the day, whispered to his neighbour the word "Never." Ben Drury, his Tutor, who was at the head of the Masters on that side heard it,

—begged pardon for interrupting Keate, and said that, in answer to the kind and considerate words which he was speaking, a boy had exclaimed “Never,” showing that the animus of the disturbance had not ceased. Explanation followed, and Palk on the instant was publicly expelled.

A more innocent, good-natured anti-rebellion being did not exist at Eton than “Johnny” Palk;—his character was in his name. He meant nothing; but seemed to mean something; and if he had been soundly swished he would only have met with his deserts for his folly. But the sudden, condign punishment raised a mixed feeling of sorrow and indignation. The thing, however, was done; there was no general outburst against it; and the risk was far too great for individual remonstrance or appeal.

Ben Drury had a persuasive tongue. Johnny, who was a great favourite in College, came in the course of the evening to the Long, and spoke most highly and kindly of his Tutor. He had persuaded him that he could not possibly have done otherwise than he did, and that he thought he deserved his fate from his folly. But, added Johnny, I really meant nothing. I was vexed at seeing friends expelled, and said the word in the irritation of the moment.

The news of it spread rapidly far and wide. The papers got hold of it. It reached the Duke of York’s ears, Commander-in-chief. He was as indignant as if he had been an Eton boy himself; and showed his sense of it by giving Johnny a Commission in the Army without

purchase. It was under that honour that in a month or two he came to see his old friends at Eton.

I need not say that no recurrence of the outbreak appeared in any form, and that the general impression was one of contempt for its folly and stupidity.

How was it that Keate was able to denounce the five with such accuracy? We guessed, and afterwards found that the guess was true. Just in front of his desk one of the three brazen chandeliers was suspended from a large open rose-work between the ceiling, or false roof and the true one. Cartland, Keate's servant living in the Cloister below, had free access to this inner roof; and having observed five boys crossing the School Yard towards the Upper School at an unusual hour, and in a doubtful time, thought he would have a look down through the rose-work. And so he saw the whole process, and Keate knew it all in a quarter of an hour after.

I don't know what grievances the three Oppidans had to set right or avenge; but I can answer for it that the two Collegers had none. It was a fine thing to do: and so they did it,—just as many other foolish and unjustifiable things are done in the world, from false motives,—or none.

No further investigation took place. The thing was allowed to drop, and all went on smoothly: and I dare say, we all tried to do our very best to show our sense of it.

Two of the expelled took post-chaise at once; drove over to Harrow, and were admitted before the next

morning's post gave formal notice of their expulsion. The others, I suppose, started for home, and made out the best case they could with their families.

A thorough non-annalist quiet stole over Eton during the next few years. The late folly might have had some sort of influence. The unquiet spirits felt that they had been generously dealt with; and the sharp, decisive judgment that had fallen, without any feeble, wearying use of the rod, brought many to their senses on whom that mode of amelioration would have had no effect whatever. There were no smouldering fires: and the closest observers would not have discovered the very slightest shade of difference in Keate's manner or bearing. And so things reverted at once to their former state.

The Johnny Palk episode was regretted for his own sake; and the untimely severity on one so gentle and harmless, raised angry comments; but the calm and thoroughly dignified manner in which Keate had borne himself throughout, gained him honest and sincere admiration on all sides. It was shown chiefly in the absence of uncomplimentary additions to his name when spoken of, and in an undefined, but more respectful bearing when in contact with him. Not great things in either case, when viewed from a distance, but very great when seen on the spot. Altogether it was one of those follies which can scarcely take place again, but which it is not amiss to record, to show how extremely foolish it was.

The object of the writer in this slight, sketchy disquisition on Keate has simply been to place his *seen* character in its true light. His family have not given to the world any authentic knowledge of his familiar and domestic life, and it is therefore sacred. Our tradition as boys was, that it was eminently happy: and the passing glimpse we get of it at his Hampshire Living afterwards corroborates it.

It is no new thing for a man in his public character to be totally different from what he is in his home life. Statesmen, Judges, Heads of Departments and others, show it continually. They put on an official nature; and no one thinks of saying that any amiable qualities which they show in family life are fictitious and assumed. They are suffered to live complacently in both.

Keate lived in two natures. His severity is admitted universally; it is also admitted that it was not wholly assumed. It was strongly engrained. He could not have been placed in such responsible authority as he was at Eton, without showing it: and whenever occasions called it forth, it came down on the offender without reluctance. He had too, a sharp, hasty way of speaking, which tended to raise prejudice, and to keep many, from a vague fear, at a distance. All this, and more of the same nature, is freely admitted.

But the proofs of his gentleness are wholly without question. Some have been recorded. They are but specimens, and very scattered ones, showing a readiness to unbend on any fairly available opportunity, — to

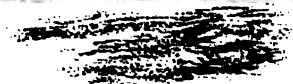
It was a coarse age,—coarse in manners; coarse in habits and tone of thought: and though hundreds amongst Keate's five hundred were as free from the taint, and as gentle in heart and feeling as any of the present race, there must be one rule for all; but like a modern coercive rule of infinitely greater scope, it only touched and affected the ill-doers. The rest were free. Keate altered no law of the School. His rule was solely special and personal.

No fair estimate of his character can be made which excludes the coarseness of the age. Keate adapted himself to what he conceived the necessities of the time, just as much as later Heads have done: the mode and method are different,—the intent and meaning are the same.

In point of Scholarship there can be but one opinion. He was a finished Scholar. The "Musæ" testifies to his poetic vein; and his name is honourably enrolled in the records of his University; and therefore the more to be lamented, that he confined his chief energies to Discipline alone.

It would at the least have divided the energies of his critics, and have given his friends a firmer ground to stand upon,—apparently,—for the ground is solid enough for any who wish to stand upon it; and for many and many a long year to come will his name be recorded as one of the most distinguished Head Masters that Eton has ever known.

Contrast.



Contrast.

A LARGE portion of the Collegiate life just related has vanished with the abolition of the Long—leaving scarcely a wreck behind. A new era has since been fixed, which with very little exaggeration might be termed a second Foundation ; so thorough and exhaustive is the change.

But as a deadly peril past brings home a value to life, unfelt before, so, a reflection on the privations, hardships, and forced endurance of former generations may give a value to the present comfort and happiness of College life, which otherwise might be taken without thought, as in the natural order of things.

It is difficult to praise well, lest you fall short of the wish and the design, or glide into panegyric. It is in this fear, that I hesitate to approach the name of Provost Hodgson. It should be held in exalted honour by all Etonians, as well by those who existed before his time in the system of eighty years ago, as by those who happily bask in the full light and warmth of his Reformation.

Many, no doubt, before him saw the abuses of the system, but were content to live in them. They had been, and might continue ; though not even a Collegier in the writer's time of any thought and reflection on the

subject, but knew that the life he led and its privations were not in accordance with, if not in direct antagonism to the Statutes.

It was Provost Hodgson's merit, that what he saw clearly he approached courageously. The difficulties he may have met with have passed into unread history. His success only remains. He brought back the Founder's Will as nearly as was compatible with 400 years' interval; destroying nothing, but giving full development to his intentions in consistency with the spirit of the age.

Neither is less honour to be freely conceded to those who succeeded him, and who have so loyally given their free support to the reforms which he introduced. It is honour enough perhaps to be linked to such a cause, and not to be weakened by the writer's imperfect words. He will take another mode.

The Long of fifty is reduced to the habitat of fifteen Lower boys, removable into higher quarters as vacancies occur; and the bare, dreary Hall has put on an air of perfect, and even genial comfort. The College was contained within a quadrangle—Long Walk, Chapel, Cloisters, Long Chamber. That comprised the whole.

Outside was a common-looking hamlet; two or three fairly good houses scattered amidst others of a most paltry character, with a largish paled, open, grimy, coal-yard in the midst, nearly opposite the School Yard Arch. People passing through looked hard no doubt at the

Upper School and West front of the Chapel. He must have been of an extraordinarily inspective mind who looked at anything else; while now, the houses are well built; the place has an air of well-to-do comfort, and in various parts of the hamlet substantial Collegiate buildings have been erected, which give a marked and special character to it, if not extraordinarily ornamental.

Take these things into a mental view, and in estimating the honour of Provost Hodgson and his successors, it can scarcely be thought an exaggerated parody to apply to them the celebrated inscription—"circumspice!"

It may seem wonderful, as we look back from the present height, that men so distinguished, lovers of justice and honourable, as the Provosts have been, could have gone through the vicious system, seen its ills, felt its wrongs, and yet have made no effort, either by voice, or closer inspection of the Statutes to see where the wrong lay, or if there were any wrong at all.

I am not one of those who cast blame on them for their standing *supér antiquas vias*. They would have done better if they had looked more clearly through them to their end. But with the vivid and pleasant recollection of the hundreds of abuses at the present moment in which my beloved Country indulges, I should be loth to visit, except in a half-jocund vein, those of my beloved Eton, which are past and gone.

To all appearance it was to be the more expected from the very fact of their past knowledge and experience. Uncertain test. Hardships of any kind that we have gone through in life ourselves for the most part

affect us less when bewailed by others than if they were altogether new to us. Few Naval Captains would be ready to sympathise with the cockpit sorrows of a midshipman. He would be far more likely to send him aloft.

I was once, as a youngster, dining on leave with one of the most venerable Fellows in the Cloisters at Windsor; and when rattling away on my griefs,—especially on my short commons' griefs, he smiled, and said that I was far better off than they were in his younger days; and that he had more than once supplemented, if not made, his dinner from raw turnips in a field.

I did not rejoin that they were not his own turnips. Perhaps I did not think of it. It never struck him that such a system ought, and might be made better. He had gone through it all himself, and he had thriven upon it; and so had his fathers, and all generations before him. They had been contented, and he was contented too.

It was often talked of by us amongst other wished-for reforms; but in a hopeless kind of way. Both Goodall and Keate were dead against any change whatever in any direction. They were even said to be against any stricter Election Chamber examination for Kings; and would fain have continued the old ruinous rotation; but in that matter, the Posers had their own power, and used it: so that upon the whole the change inaugurated and effected by Provost Hodgson and his contemporaries, came upon the Eton world like a bolt from the blue.

It is not only in single, or isolated points of College life,—though even in these the change is so great, as scarcely to be recognisable by one brought up under the

old régime. The whole system of reform has been animated by the same spirit. It has been root and branch. The bills of a Colleger in the old time, were only some £20 less than those of an Oppidan, headed by "Battling and Candles," the former of which, though soluble, was never satisfactorily solved.

At present, "Foundation Scholars are educated and lodged in College, during School-time, at the expense of the College; all other expenses, except £8, 8s. to the School Fund per annum, are purely personal."

The Colleger for the first time is on par with the Oppidan,—in some respects above him. He is lodged as well, with the advantage of having the great body of his friends under the same roof. He is his equal—perhaps superior—in the quality of his food, the most atrocious of his former ills. He is his superior in the Hall in which it is served, a Hall, nobler in every way than half the Halls in Cambridge: or to speak by the card, nobler than three.

I take the following from the contribution of a friend:—
"During the time I was in College, the *ménu* had considerably altered for the better (1870 *circiter*), though probably it has still been further improved since then; in some directions there was certainly room for improvement. We had, if I remember rightly, an alternation between roast mutton, boiled beef, and roast beef, on Sundays. Two or three times a week we had pudding.

"The dinners on Tuesdays especially stands out in my memory. It consisted at the Sixth Form table of pea soup, boiled beef, suet dumplings, apple tart, and new

bread, hot from the College ovens. I remember it particularly, because some of us used to believe that we never could play Football so well as after this somewhat heavy repast.

“There was a particular part of the apple pudding,—the white part on which it stands on the dish,—which was always known by the name of ‘wagstaffe,’ that being the name of one of the under-cooks, of a somewhat unkempt appearance, who was generally credited—I don’t know why—with the manufacture of this particular part of the pudding. The ‘wagstaffes,’ were always left uneaten; and so strong is tradition, that since those days I have never been able to force myself to face that part of an apple pudding. (*Vide supra*, p. 29.)

“Two or three of the Junior boys always waited in Hall, at the Sixth Form table, and had their meals after the rest had finished, at a small table along with one of the Senior boys, who was known as the ‘Upper Servitor,’ and whose business it was to count the number of the boys in the Hall, and to record the amount of bread and beer allowed them. Since those days, I am told, the Servitors have been abolished, as far at least as the waiting on the Sixth Form is concerned.”

But I must not do injustice. As I have already intimated, I saw three instances of meditated Reform and attention to the Statutes. I saw three new bedsteads to lift myself and others from sleeping on the floor. I saw a fresh assessment of legs, loins, and necks: and I saw two attempts to gain drinkable beer, but as they were abortive, the Reforms remain at two.

I declare explicitly, that there was no other change or reform of any sort, or in any direction, from 1811 to 1822.

It is a perfect pleasure to an old Colleger to look back on what he went through in the way of viands, and to know the truly liberal advance which his contemporaries still have made. The contrast between the Old and the New is worth looking at.

In the good old times we had, as already related, a relief twice a year,—Founder's Day and Election Saturday. Each was distinguished by a remarkable dish, involving the immolation of thirty-five fowls and corresponding heads of greens; but on the latter day a tart was added.

I have before me the *ménu* of an Emeritus, which I subjoin—

Oak-apple Day.—Veal and ham.

Fourth of June.—Two ducks per mess of four.

Election Saturday.—Two Chickens per mess.

Founder's Day.—One Turkey per mess, and Grace cup, drunk solemnly *in piam memoriam*.

Michaelmas Day.—One Goose per mess.

I should be sorry to raise internecine arguments; but the Oppidans would have much to do to beat that.

It is not, though, in my intention to balance the former state of things with the present in its entirety. That is done most effectually by the Calendars published after each School-time, in which every possible information is

to be gained in every way of the method and working of the present system. I only wish to point out some of the sharpest contrasts, in order to show at a glance the magnitude of the Reformation.

I conceive one of the most generous and liberal to be in the practical abolition of "bounds." The whole of the straight road through Eton and Windsor is thrown open, and far beyond into the country. It was an absurdity that young fellows of sixteen and seventeen should dodge, and hide, and scurry away if a Master appeared in sight above Barnespool bridge in the very hamlet in which their College stood. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the abolition of bounds and shirking was not one of the greatest general reforms of the reformers. It was so cherished, so inveterate, so bound up with all Eton life, that the freeness of the change,—taking all the circumstances, prejudices, antiquity into view,—may reasonably be classed among the wisest of those which have been accomplished.

Let us turn to out-door health. Formerly the Authorities said :—"There are the Playing Fields; they are your own; make the best of them, for we give you absolutely nothing else. Yes; we concede to you the interval between three Chapel buttresses. You may play Fives on them." Not in so many words, but in the true spirit of abnormal legislation. There are now fifty Fives Courts. There are numerous Racquet Courts besides.

Cricket remains the same, with the exception that whereas, in the old time, there were three Clubs—Upper, Lower, and College, there are now nineteen.

The greatest change is in Football. The Wall game of old was practically the only game; and usually played with eighteen or twenty a side; in fact, every one who came was chosen in. The Field game is now practically compulsory on all. Houses are matched against houses. Each is marked by its own "house colour;" an object of great rivalry centred in the great ambition of the annual "Challenge Cup."

A few years ago a somewhat furious onslaught was made through a long correspondence in the *Times* on the "new tyranny" of compulsory Football. Not by public schoolmen, nor by the Masters, who were the best judges of the working of the system.

Private Schools and their Scholars, whatever their combined merits, are scarcely competent, from the constitution of the Schools and paucity of numbers, to pronounce fairly on such a question as this. Indeed, like many other ill-considered theoretical arguments, *solvitur ambulando*; for the system flourishes, and the controversy has ceased.

It does in its way an incalculable good in the matter of gentle compulsion alone. In all communities, however young, there are sluggish natures; and the greatest benefit you can do to them is, primarily, to get them out of it; strengthen their system, and develop its latent forces. One need not be a physician to establish that. And the first to acknowledge its wisdom in most, if not in all cases, would be the patient in mature age. The gentle compulsion is in reality an exceeding kindness.

I will contrast it with a very common occurrence in older times.

Our hired rooms in the town were a great resource to us. No football, or cricket, was ever played on whole school days. A line of stumps was sometimes pitched in front of my Dame's garden wall, and higher boys practised batting, either from professionals or friends, but that was all.

And so after twelves and fours, dozens of youngsters ran at once up to their rooms, and amused themselves after their several manners. It was partially the same on whole and half holidays. A lazy, indolent habit crept over them; they liked neither cricket nor football; it was a bore going up town; and they were not up to a walk in the country.

Among the Lower boy portion there was usually some absorbing business on hand, which consumed weeks in the preparation. At one time there was a rage for puppet theatres; every part of which had to be constructed from squares of thin deal; proscenium, scenes and characters gilt and painted,—a thing not only of time, but of patience and close application. I need not specify others,—one is enough.

But will any one say with any reason, that the routing out of these close-air idlers with their pale faces into fresh air and movement was harm and detriment to them? I have no doubt it was much the same with the Lower Oppidans. The Controversialists forget that the more delicate, narrow-chested the boy, the more essential to life and health is the fresh air,—as much as he can get of it.

I now come to a remarkable item in School life, the Beagles. It is a test of the sound rule, that if you wish young fellows to do well, you must confide in them, lean

Contrast—The Beagles. 223

much upon their honour. Left to themselves and to their honour, they would be ashamed to break it. What was the secret of the breaking out at night, and the tandem-driving which have been spoken of? The zest of breaking through a strict moral tether and setting its authors at defiance. The thorough freedom in all outdoor matters, which is given under the present government, is one of its best measures. I judge this from the feeling of my own day, when we were tied down by the strictest Draconism that the combined art of the Authorities could impose on us.

But at present we have the Eton Hunt before us. A considerable tract of country has been conceded to it out of the good nature of the occupiers of land, and they do not abuse the privilege. I take the account of the Beagles given me by a friend as clearer and more succinct than any that I could write:—"They are kept at Lock's in the High Street, and taken in a cart to the meet, and back in the same way at the finish. One of the boys is Master, and he is assisted by three Whips. All wear brown velveteen coats. The Master nominates his successor, usually one of his Whips. The Field numbers about seventy. Lock is paid £100 a year for taking care of the Beagles. There are about twenty couples.

There were formerly two packs, one kept by the Oppidans, and one by the Collegers; but they were amalgamated during my Eton days." (*Circa* 1868.)

So much for out-door sports. I think it enough in contrast, merely to specify the provision made for in-door

recreation. The Calendar will supply the rest. Workshops for carpentering and turning supply exercise for mechanical taste. Photography much encouraged. A Chemical Laboratory open for those whose leaning is in that direction. But above all is the Drill Hall, for the use, primarily, of the Volunteer Corps, and used also by the Army Class—a Class set partially apart by strict Examinations, as a preparation for Sandhurst and Woolwich, and not the least noble of modern Eton Institutions.

All this, it must be owned, contrasts unpleasantly with the absolute rule of old: “You have the Playing Fields, gentlemen, make the most of them.”

Turning to School work, the modern curriculum is, as schools go, remarkable, and worthy of its projectors; high in standard, and so varied that it enmeshes, if I may use such a word, every form of intellect, or disinclination.

The inducements to hard work need only to be enumerated. One or more Exhibitions, £50 a year, tenable by Oppidans while at school. Twenty-seven Scholarships and Exhibitions, headed by the Newcastle at various amounts tenable afterwards.

A third List consists of Prizes, headed by the Prince Consort's for modern languages, followed by seven others.

There are others given by the Head Master and Assistants for Holiday Task, Drawing, Trials, &c., as occasion arises. The Calendar will tell the rest.

Contrast—Scholarships. 225

In regard to Oxford Exhibitions—viz., Merton Postmasterships, and others, they were formerly given to superannuated Collegers as Consolation-stakes. There were, say, five in a year, and that two fell short of Kings. They took leave of Keate, and Keate presented them with an Exhibition or Postmastership, as it might happen.

In the change of system, the gift has ceased. They are assigned by Examination and merit.

The writer, whatever he may have to say in favour of the old system, frankly confesses that the School-time Calendar itself, is not altogether pleasant reading in the recollection, that the only publication at the end of the year, was a little sixpenny brochure of some eight or ten pages, simply recording the 500 names. Nothing whatever besides. And no wonder, for there *was* nothing else to record beyond the bare names. No scholarships; no prizes; no inducements, Latin and Greek in school, and nothing out of it.

A striking contrast is in the increase of Masters, rendered absolutely necessary from the great increase of numbers. They amount to fifty-two. We had eight; all drawn from Kings, and not always as efficient as might have been wished. Indeed, we had two notoriously below the mark. A clever pupil of one, occasionally had some slight difference of opinion with him. "All right!" he would say when he left him, "he shall have a Greek

theme or verses next week, and his Lexicon half the night to make it out." But the Tutor in the face of his laborious nights rose into a Fellowship at last. Keate in the knowledge of the doubtful supply, at length broke through the Kings' rule, and appointed Edw. Coleridge as a Master from Oxford, and in those days wisely too.

The writer has given the highest praise that he is capable of, to the greatness and wisdom of the present Government of Eton,—succinctly, to avoid tediousness and wearisome repetition. He glories in it in the spirit of the *civis romanus*. But great and noble as is her present state,—and nobler still in the future,—he cannot forget her greatness in the past. She has progressed with the age; but she was always at the head of her age centuries ago. Winchester strove, and Westminster strove, and Harrow strove. Eton held her own.

I remember in 1847, meeting Dodson, a Chancery barrister of some note at that time, when some one asked him how Westminster was getting on in numbers. "Oh! about ten." A jest, with a moral attached to it.

A thousand high-spirited young fellows are a serious responsibility, and require tact and ability to keep them in thorough order. If you concede too much licence, they will assuredly abuse it; if too little, they will resent and resist. There must be vigilance, and tact to conceal it. The true tact is intercourse and intercommunion between Masters and boys. I judge from our own times.

Whenever Keate unbent, as I have shown he often did, he became instantly popular for the time ; and if, without supposing Cricket matches at ten o'clock at night, he had been low-voiced and courteous afterwards, his popularity would have continued. His love of stern discipline forbade it.

But his invariable courteousness, and the interest he took in all College matters at lock-up Absence made him tenfold more appreciated, and rightly judged by Collegers, than by Oppidans.

I understand that there is that intercourse or gentle superintendence with Volunteers, boats, bathing, and other things ; and that it not only succeeds, but is appreciated and approved.

Schools are to make scholars. Granted ; but is there no scholarship of life ? Is all to be debited, as of old, to Latin and Greek ; or, as now, to the most extended course that the most sanguine of Provosts and Heads ever could imagine ? I once more say—No. There were those who did as little as they could in the old time ; and some will be found in the thousands who will do as little as they can in the new. But it by no means follows that the nobleman in his minority, or the commoner, heir to £10,000 a year, will not work. The past of Eton shows a direct contrary. But in any large Community, there are to be found those who will work their hardest, and those who will be content to glide easily down the stream with neither honour nor dispraise. Let both grow together. We want in later life what we call Eton men,—and we have them.

The writer has finished, and of course is expected to say, Floreat Etona. He says no such thing. He says that Eton is, without exception, the finest, noblest, Collegiate system in the world. The world is a large word; but he clings to it. England, after the manner of all other dominant nations in Europe, will rise to its zenith—some day—and then decline like Rome of old, Spain in more recent times, and others.

But the English character, unlike that of those over-luxurious and effete races, will remain. He holds that come what will *that* never can be destroyed,—and so he scorns the Floreat, and with heart and mind inscribes “Florebit.”



COLLEGE FROM FELLOWS EVOT.

Eton of To-day.



THE NEW SCHOOLS AND LOWER CHAPEL.

Eton of To-day.

By a Modern.

I HAVE been asked to add a few words to the above memoir, to indicate in what direction the later development of Eton has proceeded, what features of its earlier life have disappeared or been modified, what aspect its instinctive Conservatism has preserved; how the external conditions of the outer world and the growth of modern ideas have re-acted on Eton. My own personal recollections comprise the last twenty years; but it is within the last half-century that the place has experienced a singular change in externals: its work has been re-organised; its athletic system has been practically created; the place too has been remodelled; it is no longer a picturesque hamlet clustering round a Collegiate Church, but a little town adapted adequately, if somewhat fortuitously, to its gregarious and migratory population; but the spirit, the tone, the "genius loci" remain the same; the initiation which, as by a kind of freemasonry, enables Etonians to fraternise wherever their lines are cast.

Externally the town is strangely altered, no doubt. College itself remains much the same, with the exception of the wing called the New Buildings, which supersedes

the old Long Chamber, and gives the Collegers, in most particulars, accommodation equal or superior to that of many an Oppidan House; it may seem a little thing to an outsider, but it is regarded very differently by the fantastic mind of boyhood, the Collegers' quarters are warmed with hot-water pipes and have no fireplace, except in a few specially constructed rooms; this is a small thing, it may be said; but it is in every way objectionable; in the first place, it is different from what exists in Oppidan Houses, and that is enough to constitute a grievance; in the next place, it is disagreeable; a little boy has a natural tendency to close every aperture in the desire for warmth, and a chimney constitutes an inviolable ventilator;—not so hot-water pipes; from them arises a clammy green-house heat, not unaccompanied with unpleasant odours from the contact of rubbish of any kind, such as mouldering crusts or orange peel, which a boy would be hardly human if he did not bestow in so convenient a grated receptacle. Then, too, there is something cheerful and companionable about a fire, and anyone who has seen boys cluster round a library or reading-room fire on a winter's evening, will know that it is the kind of comfort to which young creatures are particularly alive; and lastly, it seems to the Collegers themselves to be retained as a kind of badge of inferiority; there is a suspicion of being warmed by contract, as in a workhouse or asylum, about hot-water pipes which is absent from the generous independence of a fire;—a trifle no doubt, but boys are not only sensitive about trifles, but it is of trifles that they are hugely

observant. The tradition goes in College (1) that fireplaces were originally intended; (2) that at the last moment, from considerations of economy, hot-water pipes were substituted; (3) that on discovering the change, the late Mr John Wilder, the universal benefactor of Eton, offered to provide fireplaces at his own cost; (4) that on consulting the architect, it was found that the walls were not strong enough. Another form of the myth, was that it was a question between the cost of Caen stone for the facings, and fireplaces; and that Dr Hawtrey preferred the Caen Stone. The whole of this, I have no doubt, was purely legendary, but is an interesting instance of the growth of a myth, and it is probably still firmly believed. I do not believe, however, that an old Colleger of a generous turn of mind could bestow a boon that would be better or more constantly appreciated by his successors than by offering to make this addition.

Besides this wing of New buildings, a further wing, very conspicuous from Fifteen Arch Bridge, has been thrown out, destroying part of the former Provosts' stable, at a most remarkable angle, which may in after days reflect credit on the daring originality, though hardly on the taste of nineteenth century architects. Besides this, Hawtrey's library, a delightful room with a flavour of literary and scholastic retirement about it, which laid the foundation of many a desultory taste, which was entered from the tower at the end of Weston's Yard, and occupied a considerable slice of the New Buildings, has been divided into rooms and thrown into College; what however the "New New Buildings,"

actually contain, remains somewhat a mystery. The Matron of the College has an extensive apartment in it, and there are believed to be bathrooms and other conveniences, but present Collegers can give no adequate account of its functions, and it is generally believed that its size is hardly justified by its contents.

The old hamlet of Eton, indeed the Eton of fifty years ago, has melted away: there are literally only five or six houses of the old village left, and those mostly improved out of picturesqueness. The New Schools with their later wing, flanked by a baronial looking boarding-house, (still named Timbrells, in memory of the old Timbersheds which stood there when the College was built), have swept away two or three old houses with a pleasant terraced garden, and an avenue of limes; Keate's Lane has been altered less than most localities, but at the end of it a large crop of spacious buildings has burst into life; the Chemical Laboratory and Theatre with a tiled Louvre, two Racquet Courts in yellow brick,—fatal to the harmonious appearance of the surrounding buildings, a dignified Science School, a dwelling-house with a large Music-room attached (formerly the Lower Chapel), and lastly, a very pleasing courtyard of brick entitled the Queen's Schools. These include a Museum, and are entered through a pretty Gothic archway, with a niche containing a fine stone statue of Her Majesty. Lastly, the new Lower Chapel, a building which is satisfactory externally (but for a slated roof and the unfortunate neighbourhood of the Racquet Courts), and internally the most successful modern building in Eton, fitted as

it is with a magnificent organ and a wooden screen of great beauty.

What most strikes a modern inhabitant of Eton in reading the foregoing memoirs, is the amazing manner in which comfort, convenience, and efficiency were set aside with respect to accommodation for the purposes of teaching. The numbers, it is true, have increased, but not so as nearly to account for the immense extension of buildings, or rather for the extreme exiguity of the old; in fact, the modern Etonian looks round on the old buildings, and asks himself where the boys were possibly taught. The Lower School had the first three forms in the Old time to itself; ample for the usual numbers. The Upper School held the Sixth and Upper Fifth, under the Head Master at one end. The lower end held the Fourth, far out of hearing. The Library the Lower Fifth; and the room off it the Remove, all with room to spare. The idea of assembling more than one Division within the walls of one room, however spacious, is to the modern schoolmaster an abhorrent idea, a complete surrender of all the conditions which make good teaching possible: the present writer was himself a member of a Division under the gloomy arches of Lower School, with another Master and his forty within a few feet, and no intervening partition; a few years ago, however, the present partitions were erected. The device of dividing Upper School into three schoolrooms by curtains lingered a little longer, but the perpetual distractions to attention, and the many other inconveniences (as, for instance, one Master reading aloud in a stentorian voice the page of history on which

his colleague was endeavouring to question his boys at the farther end of the room), have caused the complete abandonment of the practice; and, indeed, there was absolutely nothing in its favour except old usage; and to expect efficient teaching under such circumstances was in the highest degree ridiculous: a rigid disciplinarian might just preserve order, but he could not possibly command attention or awake continued interest.

But now-a-days it is different, and corridor after corridor of ample rooms, cool in summer and warm in winter, panelled with oak and with large Gothic windows, give teacher and learner every advantage. Among these, in the New Schools, is the latest School library, "discovered" (as Louis XIV. did with the gallery at Versailles) among several smaller rooms. And its centrality of position gives it an advantage even over Hawtrey's Library; close at hand to this is an observatory with a copper dome, in charge of a Science Master, who takes a select band of boys with him to Jupiter or the Moon on almost every available night, to their delight and edification. The corresponding changes in the educational methods have been hardly less great. It is a strange thing to one intimately acquainted with the place to mark how long old ideas survive. Remarks, however, about the proverbial idleness of Eton are now generally accompanied with some sort of appendix as to that "having been all changed in the last few years," and perhaps it may be as well to add here that, recollecting

as I do the amount of routine work that was deemed sufficient or even creditable nearly twenty years ago in the lower parts of the School, it is no exaggeration to say that it has been certainly not less than doubled, perhaps nearly trebled in amount. An average boy in the lower half of the School certainly does not suffer from any great superfluity of leisure; he is fairly well accounted for till 2.30; then comes some exercise, and his evening is very nearly full as a rule. As the boy gets higher the claims of routine upon his time (unless he joins the Army Class) are wisely and gradually relaxed, and the power of pursuing any special bent, a provision which, if abused by a few, is all-in-all to the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," is, we believe, to a large degree responsible for the independence and discretion which Etonians so frequently manifest in the larger world.

One small fact especially strikes a reader of the memoirs—the want of active supervision extended in former days to Lower boys by their Tutors. The memoirs record that the Tutor arrives in pupil-room, hands out the due tasks without reference to individual capacity, like clay without straw, and disappears until all is over, except the taking up of the collection. Now-a-days, a Tutor has few days of which he does not spend from three to four hours in pupil-room, when he is engaged, if not actually in correcting work, in supervising and questioning without cessation. Many is the time when a hard-pressed Tutor has taken in a letter which demands a speedy answer into pupil-room, hoping to be able to squeeze out ten minutes for answering it, and has taken away his letter paper as blank as it went in.

This increased conformity in matters of work has reacted upon everything. A reader of the above memoirs is surprised to find how completely a boy might consult his own tastes in matters of amusement, occupation of leisure time, and recreations generally. Now it is rather the other way. There has arisen at Eton a curiously rigid standard of Etiquette, which after admitting a fairly well varied tariff within which limits individual taste may be indulged, proscribes everything that lies without by a strict and somewhat unreasonable taboo. Thus, while Photography is included, and young artists may be seen taking views with a camera in every part of the precincts, the pursuit of Entomology and Natural History generally has no countenance: a boy who issued out with a butterfly-net would be as promptly ridiculed as if he drove a hoop; hunting hares on foot behind a somewhat scanty pack of beagles is a fashionable employment, but hockey has never a single adherent: in the lower parts of the School this etiquette prevails to an almost absurd extent in matters of dress and bearing: the rolling or unrolling of an umbrella, the turning up of trousers, the side of a street on which a boy may walk, are all matters to be taken cognisance of. The curious point is, that a new boy seems to learn these rules before he has been at Eton a week, and yet no one knows where they come from, though no doubt they ultimately originate in an intense wish to be like everybody else, to have no distinctions in dress and manner. As long as this is confined to dress and manner it is innocent enough; in a school it is even a convenient instinct. At present it shows no signs of

invading the higher regions, where it would soon become a detestable tyranny.

Socially, too, Eton has changed in a singular degree; the abolition of the Fellowships has removed the older dominant class and thrown the guidance of public opinion into the hands of wider sympathies—the holders of less vested interests: there are now nearly sixty Resident Masters, by no means all Kings'-men, many of them non-Etonians. Etonians thankfully recognise the genuine benefits of such an influx. The "Dames" too have nearly gone, though their title obstinately remains, and with them no doubt has perished a certain close and provincial spirit which was of little assistance to the place; the memory would be naturally tempted to revert with pathetic, if humorous, regret to the old-world recollections that these and similar institutions afford, were it not for the consoling remembrance that we too shall be old-fashioned in our day.

The whole relation between Masters and boys has altered; the Master no longer "puts on the buckram" and interposes it as an impenetrable shield between himself and his boys. He is their companion and tries to be their friend: if anything, the danger lies rather on the other side. The progressive Master throws himself with such sympathy into the boys' pursuits, and labours to see things from their point of view, to such an extent, that he is in danger of actually adopting their ideals, or at least of making them think that he does so too much, and perpetual condescension to immature minds is apt to

weaken the intellectual fibre. But the sacrifice to mediocrity of a few minds is perhaps justified by the general good of the community.

Eton is undoubtedly a place with a unique history and peculiar characteristics. It is a place where a principle is granted long before it is applied. The existence fifty years ago of the elaborate system of "shirking," described in these memoirs, side by side with the almost reprehensible liberty enjoyed by the boys in other directions, is a type of this. And it is strange to reflect how this spirit still survives in such anomalies as, to give a small instance, the law that no boy after lock-up may cross Barnespool Bridge, so that any Tutor who lives in the town, however near to College, is obliged, often at a great sacrifice of convenience, to hire a pupil-room in College. But even such oddities have their interest, and tradition is one of the few things that cannot be bought for money.

It can be conscientiously said by a commentator on the above memoirs that the amelioration of Eton has proceeded upon broad principles, and that she has acquired efficiency and humanity without sacrificing one jot of the constitutional basis of liberty that make her one of the most characteristic of English institutions. It is rare to find an Etonian who does not in a manner, emulated by perhaps no other English School except Winchester, thank fortune for his connection with a foster-mother whose sons reverence her with a lasting veneration, and adore her with a peculiar love.

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